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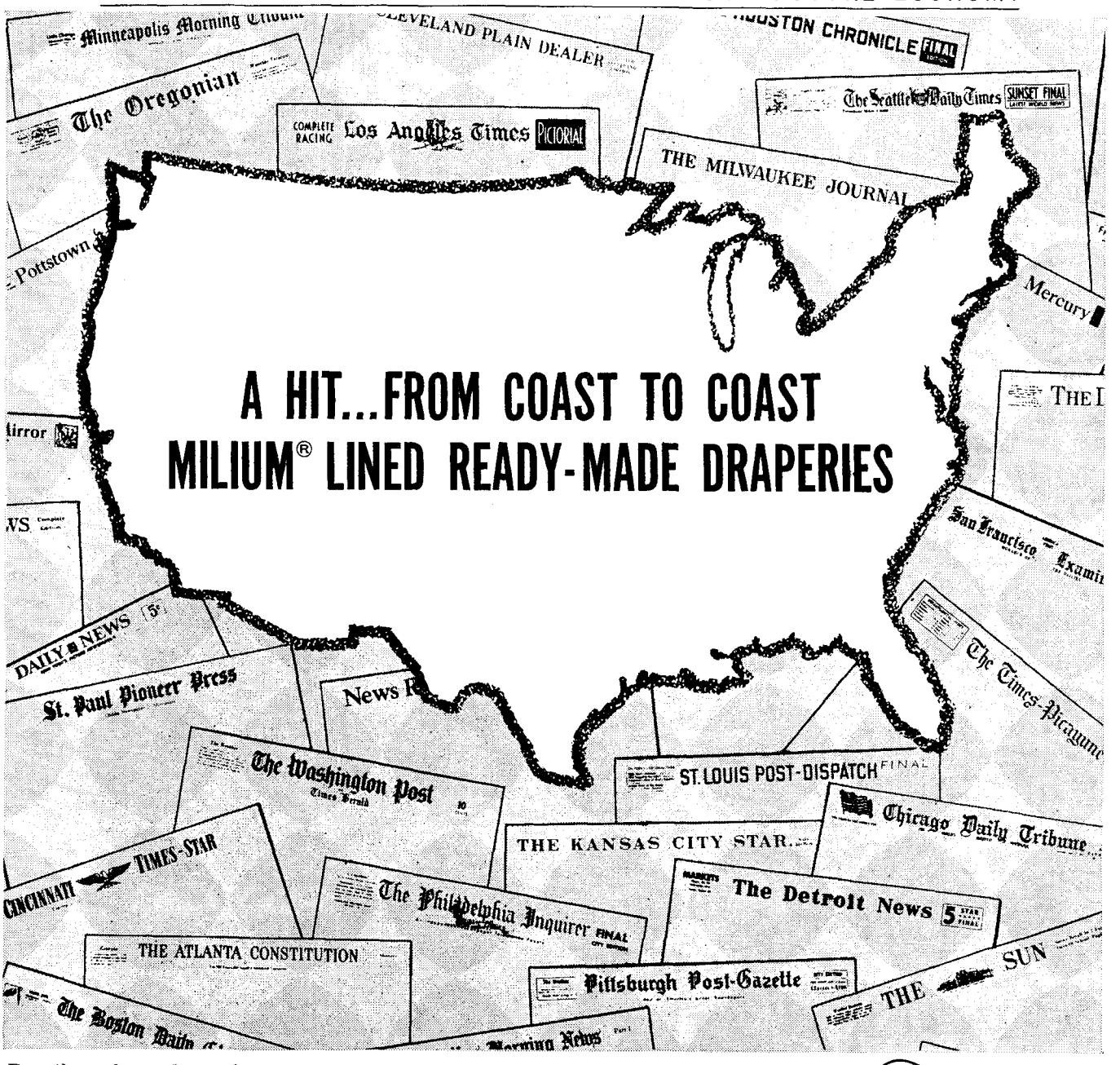

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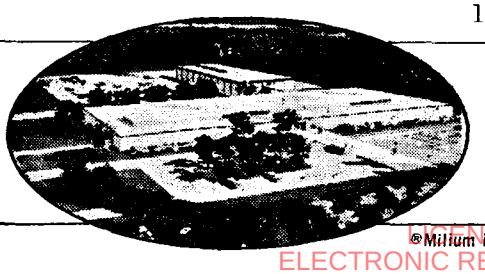

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In This Issue . . .

➔ **Morrie Ryskind** describes how he woke up one morning to find that his representative in Congress (pursuant to California's newly gerrymandered electoral statute) is—James Roosevelt. Morrie Ryskind is a professional humorist. Otherwise it might have killed him. . . . **Colm Brogan's** engrossing account of the crime and hanging of Floss Forsyth, the pophound teddy boy with the winkle-picking shoes, leaves one wondering whether, after all, there will always be an England. England needs a new Homicide Act, concededly. But she also needs a new intelligentsia. (Foreign aid?) . . . **James Burnham** analyzes our policy toward Angola, and fails to relate it to any of the republic's enduring interests—which no doubt explains its popularity in the United Nations. . . . **David Franke,** a native Texan, recently returned home to explore the causes of the encouraging victory of Senator Tower. He describes the phenomenal success of the drive to organize Texas conservatives. . . . **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** designates Italy as the wobbliest European state this side of the Iron Curtain, and probes some of the causes of the nation's instability. K-L, by the way, will be in this country during the fall, on his annual lecture tour. Happy and better-informed are those who hear him. Inquiries should go to him at: Lans, Tyrol, Austria. . . . **Russell Kirk** has spotted a new salient by the predatory National Education Association against the freedom of the private schools: a furtive step in its campaign for the total control of American education, and a Thousand Year Rule of Non-Education.

➔ Professor **Thomas Molnar** is off to Europe for the summer, where he will travel extensively, concentrating on the hot spots. He has reviewed George Kennan's new book, which he applauds as a first-rate work of history, and deplores for its ignorance of the true nature of the Soviet Union's revolutionary imperative. . . . **Joan Didion** returns after an unforgivable absence for three issues, during which, she says, she read production schedules in the *Hollywood Reporter,* the merit-badge requirements in an old Girl Scout Handbook, and instructions (in three languages) for obtaining and inflating life jackets on airplanes. And yes, three new novels. . . . **Frederick D. Wilhelmsen** is back in Spain (from Baghdad) and will teach next fall at the University of Pamplona. . . . **Francis Russell** was there when Hitler came to power, and is reminded of the grisly event by the movie *Mein Kampf.*

➔ **Charles Tomlinson's** "The Flight" and "Ship's Waiters" are by-products of his American visit last year. The Oxford University Press published last fall *Versions from Fyodor Tuytchev,* a small collection of Tomlinson's translations from the Russian lyric poet, which includes a poem first published in *NR* (September 24, 1960). ➔

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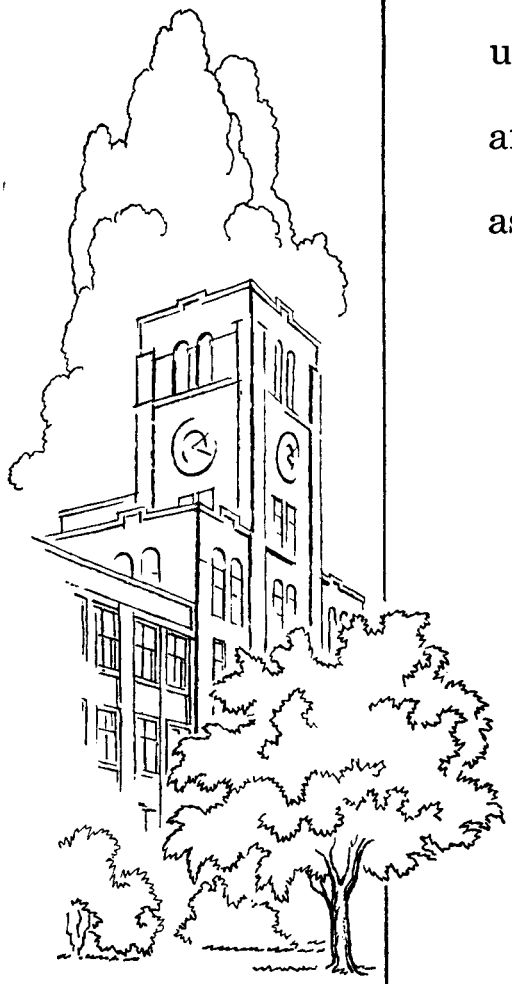
"The long range political consequences of Welfarism are plain enough: as we have seen, the State that is able to deal with its citizens as wards and dependents has gathered unto itself unlimited political and economic power and is thus able to rule as absolutely as any oriental despot."

–From "The Conscience of a Conservative" by Barry Goldwater, United States Senator for Arizona



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The WEEK

So Jack and Sam packed the Rules Committee to grease the skids for that passel of legislation to Get America Moving Again. So Jack sent Sam his bill for a couple of billion dollars' worth of federal spending for education. So the Rules Committee stopped it cold. So what now, Jack? Abolish the Congress?

● On April 26 Attorney General Kennedy asked the U.S. District Court for Prince Edward County, Virginia, for permission to intervene as plaintiff in the school segregation case. Although the Justice Department had never before appeared as plaintiff in civil rights cases, the Attorney General and his lieutenants thought they had found a law which, properly construed, flashed them a green light. Not so, said U.S. District Judge Oren R. Lewis on June 14: "The granting of intervention will unduly delay and prejudice the adjudication of rights." Oyez, oyez.

● Nobody classifies our misadventure in Cuba last April as anything less than a first-rate catastrophe. The President was very prompt in ordering an investigation. The investigation is now complete—and no one has been dismissed, so far as is known; for the reason that, as has been clear from the outset, the individual principally at fault was the President of the United States.

● As the flood of Kennedy bills rampages through Congress in a straight and almost unimpeded channel toward the sea of legislation, one begins to look around for that ancient rock that used to stand athwart the current: the coalition of northern rural Republicans and southern conservative Democrats. But the rock has torn loose. It was made up of two parts, and one part has crumbled. The southern Democrats, in a political rout that has few peers in our history, have been swept along toward the New Frontier in a new alliance whose instruments are the carrot and the whip. "Depressed-areas aid" for southern rural areas; federal judgeships; an inconceivable array of economic favors concealed in Administration bills for housing, labor, natural resources, urban affairs, military establishments, defense contracts; the threat of even more disastrous insistence on "civil rights"; all these weapons of pain or pleasure have been unsheathed, and sharpened, and aimed at the South. And the South has retreated. The coalition that has stood for so long a bulwark against the monster state has finally fallen, to be replaced by—by what? By the rebirth of something that has been too long gestating: a two-party system in the South, including a sturdily conservative Republican Party drenched in the spirit of Texas and that remarkable warrior, Senator John Tower. While a century went by, the coalition held. Now the coalition has failed, and the Furies are riding. Time is running out. Gentlemen of the South, to your mounts, and dochandorris!

● The Tractors for Freedom Committee has disbanded. Fidel Castro had tried to write into the contract a clause saying the payment was "indemnification" for damages inflicted in the April 17 invasion attempt. "This," said John Hooker Jr., executive secretary of the Committee, "made acceptance of Dr. Castro's terms incompatible with our national honor and with our role as private citizens." It would appear that the national honor, which can survive ransom, cannot survive the accusation that we had any thing to do with an attempt to dislodge the regime of a Communist madman ninety miles from Miami. We may be honorable, but we're not *that* honorable.

● Congressman John R. Pillion (R., N.Y.) sees virtue in a formal recognition of the obvious, and accordingly is urging upon Congress a declaration of war against the 98 Communist Parties in the world that are concerting to bring about the end of freedom all over the world. The Resolution (H. J. Res. 447), declares its author, "will signal the beginning—at long last—of our offensive against the Communists. It will be a war not of missiles and marching soldiers with bayonets. It will be largely a war of economic, political, diplomatic and psychological weapons." Mr. Pillion is optimistic. His resolution could very well be passed, without in any way altering our policy of appeasement, in which the President seems determined to remain steadfast. We have only to contrast the ringing rhetoric of liberation (*e.g.*, Dulles 1952) —and the ensuing policy of coexistence; Mr. Kennedy's own rhetorical bravery—and his militant indecisiveness. Still, we should be on the declaratory offensive, and Mr. Pillion might just help galvanize the nation into action. Mr. Pillion is requesting letters to congressmen and senators in support of his resolution.

● The British pound is approaching the lowest level recorded since September of 1957. The Canadian dollar has lost its premium over the U.S. dollar for the first time in many years. In both cases, as in the United States, the currency is tainted with evidence of inflationary policies and the prospect of further difficulties in international payments. Up to the present, the pound and the U.S. dollar have rested ever more heavily on the support of European central banks, principally those of West Germany, Italy and France. Such support is not eternal. If

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the monetary policies of Britain, Canada and the United States remain unchanged—that is, keep tilted toward inflation—then, sooner or later, but certainly, the European central banks will face a dilemma: the choice between inflating their own currencies in order to offset the bias against the already inflated ones, or withdrawing their support in order to hang onto a residual supply of their own gold. The choice, from their standpoint, will be tragic, because it will not have been forced upon them by their own actions, but by the actions of Britain, the United States and Canada—countries that yet call themselves, ignorant of the irony, their allies.

● Mr. Frank D. Reeves, the Democratic National Committeeman for the District of Columbia, was found qualified as an assistant to the President on the White House staff. The staff found his record satisfactory enough to recommend him as a member of the Board of Commissioners (the unit that administers the local affairs of Washington, D.C.). The President signed Mr. Reeves' nomination. But a Senate committee discovered, in the course of hearings on the nomination, that Mr. Reeves had been slow in paying his taxes for the last ten years, that eight tax liens had been sworn against him in that time, and perhaps some other things too, which were not publicized. Hauled squinting into the light of day, Mr. Reeves asked the President to withdraw his nomination. Which the President dutifully did—with what regrets, no one knows.

● Americans for Constitutional Action (20 E. St. NW, Washington 1, D. C.) has initiated a *Congressional Record Digest*, which tallies the votes of all senators and representatives. Published several times a year, the first issue covers 15 votes in the Senate, 11 votes in the House of Representatives, called between January and March 31, 1961. The votes cover such important issues as the packing of the House Rules Committee and the continuation of the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

● The troubles of the Pitney-Bowes postal meter company (See *NR*, July 1) continue to mount. There is of course the matter of the Cherokee Textile Mills and Pitney-Bowes' repeated efforts, all of them so far in vain, to repossess a postal cachet carrying the motto of the John Birch Society, which merely echoes a famous sentence of Benjamin Franklin. Now Pitney-Bowes has announced to Spindale Mills Inc. of Spindale, N.C., that it will not make up the plate Spindale Mills had ordered. Pitney-Bowes said it had adopted a new policy on postal meter plates and would not in the future supply plates with slogans of a "non-commercial nature." In explaining the test for suitability of postage metering messages, Pitney-Bowes said such a test "might be whether i could be considered by the general public improper or inappropriate for the Government itself to ru it on its own postmarks." The slogan refused Spindal Mills was the following: "I pledge allegiance to th flag of the United States and to the Republic fo which it stands."

● THE INSCRUTABLE CLUB: The *New York Times* July 3: "Washington does not take Barry Goldwater as seriously as the rest of the country. He i universally liked in the Senate, but his influence i negligible and he is not a member of its invisible hierarchy, 'The Club.'" *Time* magazine, June 23: "In the Senate, Goldwater's breezy charm brought him quick entrance to 'The Club'—the hail-fellow hierarchy of off-hours friends who actually govern the Senate."

Close to Zero on Peiping

Khrushchev has announced so often and so openly that he plans a Berlin crisis this autumn that one cannot help wondering whether his primary target may not be an altogether different spot. Even if the Communists do intend to carry out a major Berlin action, their campaign on the western front serves as a cover for a no less crucial operation to the east. The indications already at hand leave no doubt about the eastern target: Taiwan and the offshore islands of Kinmen (Quemoy) and Matsu—Free China, in sum.

The continuing existence of Free China is a literally intolerable obstacle—strategically, politically and morally intolerable—to the Communist plans for the Asian theater. Free China, as Khrushchev and Mao see it, must be destroyed. They aim to complete, before the end of 1961, a major phase of its destruction.

But so long as the Free Chinese leaders maintain their present unyielding posture, so long as they are backed by the U.S. Seventh Fleet and the powerful air units poised on Okinawa, the Philippines and elsewhere in the Pacific, Mao and Khrushchev *cannot* take Free China by direct military means. For all the yakking by our wiseacres about Quemoy's and Taiwan's "indefensibility," Mao and Khrushchev know that direct military conquest is impossible. Any doubts they may have had were removed by the test probe of summer 1958. And if we no longer appreciate the incomparable uses and value of control of the seas—which we unchallengeably possess—our enemies do.

Therefore Khrushchev and Mao must attempt to destroy Free China by a strategy of indirect approach, which in this case means psychological and

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political means, primarily. By a systematic, continuous, many-sided program over the years since 1949, they have sought to wreck Free China's psychological and political foundations, to isolate her politically, and to induce us to consent to her liquidation and absorption into the Chinese Communist regime.

Khrushchev and Mao realize that the admission of the Chinese Communist government to the UN is a major, and probably the decisive turning point on the path toward Free China's liquidation. From that point on, the collapse of Free China would follow, all but inevitably, with cumulative speed.

The Communist drive for Peiping's UN recognition mounts toward a climax at the General Assembly's session scheduled to open in September.

In the face of this drive, opinion within our own government is divided. One faction, with its roots in the old IPR crowd, has always been soft on Communism in China. It is now actively working toward the same goals that the Communists pursue—toward UN membership and diplomatic recognition for Peiping. A directly contrary group, with nearly solid support from the Pentagon, wants uncompromising resistance all along the line. But the larger number among both the permanent officials and the new Administration's appointees are somewhere in the middle: on the whole against Peiping's admission, but without strong conviction, and increasingly "resigned to the inevitable." This is the attitude expressed by Adlai Stevenson, Chester Bowles, even Dean Rusk in their confirmation hearings last winter. Their perspective is: "On the Peiping issue, we have lost the UN majority. So all we can do is make the record once more and accept the result." Some put forward such proposals as "the two Chinas policy" or the recently leaked idea of offering Peiping an Assembly, but not the Security Council, seat. All serious strategists know these to be untenable even as temporizing measures. The issue is unbridgeable: either Taipei or Peiping, one or the other, and not both.

The outcome in the UN, however, is not inevitable. If the Communists win, it will be, basically, by our default. The UN cannot exist without American backing, political and financial. All that is required, therefore, in order to block Peiping's admission, is that President Kennedy should make clear that a UN including Red China would be unacceptable to the United States, and that the United States would consequently suspend financial and political backing if Red China were admitted. That would be quite enough: a two-minute public statement, or even a private hint prudently communicated to the relevant ears.

It is not impossible that Mr. Kennedy should make such a communication. He will not, if the American public remains passive and indifferent. Then the Administration will give way, and the Communist plan will almost certainly succeed. But he will very probably do so if he is given proof that a majority of American voters strongly oppose any weakening of our support of Free China, any yielding to Communist blackmail on Peiping. The outcome, in this case, can be decided by what the citizens do, or fail to do.

Let's go, then.

An Answer on Berlin

The Kennedy team should constantly be making clear that the present arrangements in Berlin are by no means ideal, and that we are quite prepared to talk about modifying them, provided it is understood that no modification will be made unilaterally. This precisely is the time when a vigorous international horsetrader, taking advantage of the looseness of the situation caused by Mr. Khrushchev's insistence on changing the status of Berlin, would mount a vigorous campaign calling for the incorporation of all Berlin into a single city administered by an all-German government, Adenauer's or Ulbricht's, according as the people of Berlin vote at a special election. Or, if deeper waters yet are to be disturbed,

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Schism of the Left

For years the non-Communist Left has sheltered men of many stripes: socialists, liberals, humanitarians, idealistic intellectuals, one-worlders. They have disagreed, but never so seriously as to endanger their confederation, as long as the problems that faced them have arisen within the normal range of human affairs. But differences unnoticeable in normal conditions become obvious under extreme conditions—as the Left is discovering in its struggles to mend or to transcend disagreements that seem irreconcilable in the face of the threats of Communist expansion and nuclear war.

These disagreements stood out harshly in a recent symposium sponsored by *Commentary,* the seriously intellectual magazine of the American Jewish Committee, on the occasion of its fifteenth anniversary. The four panelists were C. P. Snow, the British novelist and scientist; Hans Morgenthau, director of the Center for the Study of American Foreign Policy; H. Stuart Hughes, professor of history at Harvard; and Sidney Hook, chairman of the Philosophy Department at New York University. The topic was "Western Values and Total War." Snow and Morgenthau took a middle course, but Hook and Hughes completely polarized the discussion.

Will nuclear war come? Hughes said it was a certainty. Hook said that a balance of nuclear power now existed between the United States and the Soviet Union, a balance that would not be disturbed by any conceivable technological breakthroughs; and that the only danger was the possibility that other nations might invent nuclear bombs and use them irresponsibly or accidentally.

Should the West keep its nuclear weapons? Hughes said that we should renounce them, unilaterally, in order to show our good faith. Hook said that they were our only protection, that our will to use them deterred the Communists, that the West had always considered some things more important than life itself, and that the be-all and end-all of the Communists was to avoid their own destruction in order to proceed with their conquest of the world.

If we renounced our weapons, would the Communists accept our act in good faith and renounce theirs? Hughes said they would, because it would be to their advantage: they would then have less difficulty in their territorial expansion. Hook said they would not: they had never yet stuck by an agreement; the nuclear weapons were a strong point in their defense; and they would then threaten us with them in order to make us continue to back away.

Have our nuclear weapons deterred the Communists? Not at all, said Hughes: the Communists have refrained from further conquest in Europe because they have had difficulty in consolidating their Eastern European satellites. Hook said our deterrent force had served us well as a backstop to our diplomatic maneuvers: "Whenever the West has stood firm, Khrushchev has retreated."

If we renounced our nuclear weapons, would the Communists take over the world? They would indeed, said Hook. They would not, said Hughes: Communist conquest would be invited in some areas, but only in underdeveloped countries, which are "largely indefensible anyway."

Would nuclear war be a just war? No, said Hughes: in a just war the means must be proportional to the ends, and the death of hundreds of millions of people would be disproportional to the ends sought. But it would be a just war, said Hook: any war in defense of Western values is just, whether it kills tens of millions, as in the second World War, or vastly more under nuclear bombardment; and total war is not outside the tradition of the West, as we learn from the history of Sparta and Carthage.

Why do the Communists urge us to renounce our nuclear weapons? Because, said Hughes, they fear we will annihilate them. Not at all, said Hook: the Communists know it's morally impossible for the West to strike first; they know that they could take over the entire world if it weren't for our nuclear weapons; and that's why they work to get us to renounce them.

Professor Hughes and Professor Hook both regard themselves as socialists; both of them are leading figures on the Left; both of them occupy lofty positions in the intellectual community. Yet between them there yawns a chasm so deep and long that it may never be bridged, unless by an airy maneuver that the Left seems more and more to talk about: the possibility of "transcending" differences. The Left has always transcended its differences by ignoring them while they were less than fatally important, but the prospects are dim indeed for the attempt to ignore (or "transcend") a basic argument about the values of the West, the intentions of the Communists, and the purposes of American policy. On the outcome of this argument, which is wracking not only *Commentary* but the entire body of the Left, much depends. For it is the Left, whether it knows it or not, that has served to weaken our resistance to Communism; and if the Left should, as a result of its present torment, move closer to the position defended by the steel-hard mind and classic eloquence of Sidney Hook, then the West might find in its new unity the moral vigor to stand up and fight.

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

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why not seize the opportunity to call for the integration of all of Germany on the same basis? . . .

These are not goals one could expect to accomplish, but they dispose the scenery in such a way as to permit us to maneuver. The best way to keep Berlin free is to discuss liberating East Germany. The best way to keep Red China out of the United Nations is to discuss whether or not the Polish Government should be thrown out. The wars we fight are largely the wars of diplomatic maneuver, and it is dismaying under the circumstances that we should be so club-footed as to refuse, in the high purpose of national security and freedom for our allies, to dance. What's the matter with us, are we 4-F?

Why shouldn't the United States call upon the United Nations to take up the matter of Berlin as a threat to international peace? And having got the Assembly together, why shouldn't Kennedy and his team go to work on the delegates—as diligently and profitably as though they were delegates at a Democratic Convention—clubbing them with their own clichés about democracy and self-rule, and force a vote (it could be done) calling for free elections? The Soviet Union would rant, and Khrushchev's cries would reverberate throughout the history of outrage; and (at the very least) West Berlin would stay free. If it is postulated that Khrushchev will not be deterred by any psychological force whatever, why then we are no longer talking about diplomacy, but about a general war. We must be ready to fight such a war, but we must not let any means go by which can secure us our goals and give us peace besides.

"As an informalized and public spirituated citizen, I would like to ask what you would have in place of Civil Righteousness, Aid to Impressionable Areas, Technical Insistence and the Peach Corps?"

Power Play

The House is likely to produce some high-voltage debates over two electric power projects that are currently working their way through committee. One proposes the construction of a $95 million nuclear reactor that would generate electric power at Hanford, Washington. This would be the first non-hydroelectric power station built by the government (outside the TVA area). It would be the first commercial-size, government-owned nuclear reactor; and it has been approved by the Joint Atomic Energy Committee.

The second project proposes a $1 billion transmission system for the Colorado River storage project. President Eisenhower's Secretary of the Interior, Fred Seaton, approved this as a federal project last January. Mr. Kennedy's Interior chief, Stewart Udall (the well-known ticket agent), approved it in February and asked for a speed-up. Covering Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona, the government-owned transmission lines could lead to eventual government control of a sprawling electrical transmission network involving the Hoover, Parker-Davis and Missouri Basin systems; the House Appropriations Committee may vote funds for this within a week or two.

The battle line will be clearly drawn between those who would place ever more power, electric and otherwise, in the Federal Government and those who would continue the bold experiment of allowing private individuals and private companies to produce their own requirements. Should the House vote these proposals down, an important first step will have been made toward sedating, if not healing, an Administration that seems possessed by the witch of federal control.

Mark this debate when it begins. Although it may center on abstract or tangential issues, it can be reduced to a single question in operating terms: when we private citizens experience a sudden power failure

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in our homes, would we prefer to call up the local electric utility company or would we prefer to send a letter, in triplicate, to a no-name clod in the Washington bureaucracy?

The Kuwait Ploy

The tribulations of the world's newest and smallest sovereign power, the 70-billion-barrel Kingdom of Kuwait, suggest many an ironic reflection on late twentieth-century politics. What's "imperialism" when done by a Western goose becomes, we see, mere justice when done by an anti-Western gander. That monolithic "Arab bloc" before whose demands Washington so often bows so humbly doesn't look quite so block-like out of UN committee rooms. And though Britain may no longer be willing to do battle for a mere matter of principle, there are evidently still *some* things she'll fight for. Oil, for instance.

But in the maze of crisscrossed issues, let us not overlook the main thread. Iraq would not have moved against Kuwait without the prior assurances of the backing from Moscow that she is getting. Moscow's continuing aim is to get control of the Middle East. For this purpose the remaining Western power and influence must be ousted, leaving a vacuum for Soviet power to fill. An Iraqi takeover of Kuwait would be an important step on that road. But even if the present Moscow-inspired Iraqi move fails to gain its full objective, as is most probable, the Anglo-American position in Kuwait has been undermined and jeopardized.

In this affair, Iraq and Kuwait are pawns. The real struggle is not between General Kassem and Sheik Abdullah for a lake of oil, but between the Communist enterprise and the West, for the world.

Ordeal by Logic

The Association for the Preservation of Freedom of Choice (Inc.), continues its campaign against rampant New York ideologization in the matter of race relations. The Association seeks to point out the internal inconsistencies and questionable constitutionalism of some of the so-called anti-discrimination laws. In March (see *NR*, April 22), the Association filed a complaint before the State Commission Against Discrimination (SCAD) charging that all white citizens of the Borough of Manhattan had been discriminated against when Mayor Wagner and four city councilmen chose Edward R. Dudley as Borough President to succeed Hulan Jack after having first considered and, for one reason or another, rejected Robert C. Weaver and Earl Brown—both of them, like Dudley and Jack, Negroes.

SCAD solemnly "investigated" the case and after hemming and hawing came up with a glorious evasion: since Dudley had filled an elective post he could not properly be classified as an "employee"—and hence the anti-discrimination clause, invoked by the Association for the Preservation of Freedom of Choice, was inapplicable. And never mind that Dudley had not in fact been elected to the Borough Presidency but selected to fill the job by five men who had looked for their candidate only among the Negro community.

APFC promptly appealed the SCAD decision to the Supreme Court of the State of New York, New York County, and had the rare good luck of pleading before Judge Henry Epstein, a Stakhanovite of Liberalism who not long ago ruled that Aramco was guilty under New York law of discriminatory practices in declining to send Jewish employees to work on its oil installations in Saudi Arabia—which refuses to issue visas to Jews! (Presumably Aramco should send them in with bayonets.) Judge Epstein upheld the SCAD decision, but in the course of pleading, found himself arguing that while it is bad (and in New York State unlawful) for private enterprise to discriminate against persons on grounds of race, color or creed, it is okay for public officials to do so. (Case dismissed.)

Undaunted by these setbacks—in fact, if truth be known, considerably bucked up by the logical rout to which they have put the enemy—Mr. Alfred Avins of the APFC and his colleagues have now taken their complaint to Federal Court.

We Give Up

Last month about forty teenagers in Greenwich, Connecticut, sat down to discuss morality with a psychiatrist, an anthropologist, and a minister. According to the *New York Times* they "seemed troubled" and "asked deep questions."

A lad named Jonathan said, "We wonder about an absolute morality derived from an absolute source, in God. Does this mean conformity in morality?" (Yes, Jonathan, just as the multiplication table means conformity in arithmetic, even though there are still many unsolved problems both in morality and in arithmetic.)

Young Susan said, "Our moral standards must come from within us. No one can tell us. You must determine yourself what is right and wrong." (No, Susan, no: for it is the belief of the maniac—indeed, it is the mark of the maniac, as Chesterton said—that he believes in the rightness of his own standards. If everyone is right to do what *he* thinks right, was Hitler right?)

Someone asked the anthropologist, "Are Khrush-

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chev, Stalin and Hitler to be considered moral beings?" The anthropologist said that they probably were considered so in their own homelands. (The question, Dr. Saler, is whether they are moral, not how many people can be seduced at any given moment to consider that which is wrong, right.)

The lady who summed up the proceedings said that the youngsters were troubled because "God has such a big reputation."

(So what, Madam, shall we do to untrouble the children? A little divine democracy maybe?)

Ernest Hemingway, RIP

Hemingway said literature is architecture, not interior decoration, and though he was only partly right (are the windows of Chartres architecture or interior decoration?), that was just the thing to say at the time he said it. His assault on literary floss was among the most successful rescue expeditions in the history of art, in a class with the impressionists' revolt against representational art in the nineteenth century. And so, in the obituary notices since his death, Papa is receiving his due. He was a great stylist, a very great writer.

He was not much more than that. Great literature is architecture whose foundations reach down to the entrails of a culture. Hemingway's never did—he was a solipsist, whose God was action, right through to the end, death by his own act. Action is not enough. His great bullfighters, his gallant soldiers, and even the old man of the sea, fought purely personal battles. Their heroism was egocentric, for they were detached from their society, deracinated from the West, strangers to metaphysical reality. When Hemingway did put forward a protagonist who consciously served not so much himself as other things (a completer heroism), his powers of discrimination failed him because he didn't have the slightest idea of what is going on in the West, of the West's travail. And so he celebrated the Republic of Spain and Fidel Castro: demeaning allegiances alike for Hemingway's brave and pure-hearted men, and for Hemingway himself. It may even be true to say that Hemingway did not write about anything; he merely wrote, superbly.

Erratum: Nathaniel Weyl, author of *Red Star over Cuba*, informs us that Florida residence requirements are such that he will not run for Congress on the GOP ticket in 1962 as reported in NATIONAL REVIEW several weeks ago. Mr. Weyl adds that he will be happy to work for any conservative Republican candidate who runs in his constituency and "who has any use for my support."

For the Record

Campaign by Administration braintrusters to intimidate right-wing military officers in trouble. At least two top-brass resignations are in works; issue threatens to develop into public brawl. . . . Apropos Gen. MacArthur's triumphant return to the Philippines: it's not generally known but Eisenhower Administration nixed several similar invitations during past eight years. . . . Washington Post hoping to expand its publishing empire even further. It is dickering with major magazine publishing company—including one of most distinguished magazine names in the country. . . . Republicans in Congress may set up permanent "Watchdog Committee on Foreign Affairs" as forum to register opposition to Administration policies.

Capitol Hill Republicans compiling lists of all top-level Kennedy appointees given assignments without full field investigation by security agencies. They expect to find campaign pay dirt. . . . Illinois' Republican-controlled Legislature adjourned without redistricting state congressional districts, which means all congressmen will be chosen in state-wide election—which the Democrats don't like.

Captive Nations Week, July 16-22 this year, will coincide with renewed drive to get action on Sen. Mundt's Freedom Academy bill. . . . Moscow Radio blasting a memorandum former Rep. Charles Kersten sent President Kennedy urging that Captive Nation refugees be recruited and attached by national units to NATO forces in Western Europe. . . . Portugal has slapped on a 20 per cent gasoline tax, 15 per cent tax on luxuries to help defray cost of Angola fighting. . . . When a Cuban storekeeper can't produce what the customer wants these days he quips: "A noventa." Meaning it can be bought 90 miles away, in the States. . . . Tractors for Freedom Committee needs money: to pay postage on return of contributions.

Going the rounds in Washington, a suggested new title for Let Us Begin, the non-book (mostly pictures) on Kennedy's first 100 days:—Let Us Begin Again.

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National Trends

The Gentle Art of Gerrymandering

MORRIE RYSKIND

Better smile when you say "New Frontier" to an immoderate California Republican. We never did cotton to the phrase, but it is absolute anathema to us now that reapportionment has put a new frontier on every blessed district in the state.

The gerrymander of Massachusetts in 1812 was doubtless a notable political achievement in its day, but it bears the same relationship to the 1961 partition of California as the Wright Brothers' flight at Kitty Hawk in 1903 does to Alan Shepard's venture into space this year.

True enough, the Republican legislature of 1951 was not above shifting a few boundaries here and there to the elephant's advantage. The Demos screamed a bit, but nobody was hurt too much. It was all according to the spoils system and done in a spirit of good clean fun, with eye-gouging and leg-breaking barred.

But when Pat Brown swept the Democrats to victory in the last gubernatorial contest and promised there wouldn't be another Republican regime in Sacramento in this century, it wasn't just an exuberant bit of post-election gloating. Pat was issuing a blueprint for the future as honestly as Hitler did in *Mein Kampf*.

Extermination Plan

And now the boys, emboldened by the Kennedy victory and the new census figures that give the state eight more congressmen, have gone the limit to make good Pat's prediction. They have exhumed the discarded Morgenthau Plan for the extirpation of Germany, added a deft touch of Mau-Mau to it, and applied it to California on both assembly and congressional levels in a manner to exterminate most Republican voters and leave the few who are left herded into small political ghettos.

Los Angeles County is typical of the state-wide atrocities. The new 17th District (formerly the 32nd) now holds 97,000 registered Democrats against 38,000 Republicans; the revised 23rd, 111,000 to 54,000; and the 21st (made up of parts of the old 15th and 26th), 98,000 to 23,000.

If, in spite of my vaunted objectivity as a reporter, some bitterness seeps through these words, it is understandable. I voted in the last election for Alphonzo Bell as my congressman, and he won. But Al has been unceremoniously deported to another district and no longer represents me. I've been studying the revised map and, from what I make of it, his new constituency is divided into two entirely separate sections: during his next campaign, Al can cover one part by land but will be forced to sail the Pacific for a few miles before coming to the other part.

But wait. Who do you think the carpetbagger is they sent to represent me? Jimmy Roosevelt, no less! When the news first hit Beverly Hills, there was talk of secession and some of the lads were in favor of firing upon Fort Sumter immediately. But cooler heads prevailed, and we have decided on passive resistance until Dick Nixon moves in in the fall. Dick, with no forewarning of the coming plague, had bought a new house a few blocks up the street early in the year and, apparently, cannot afford to forfeit his down payment. There is some hope that Dick may be able to enlist the services of the Freedom Riders in calling national attention to our plight.

There are other pitiable cases. Gordon McDonough, serving his ninth term in Congress, had his district wiped out and must pull up stakes and move if he would run again. The two John Birch members, Edgar Hiestand and John Rousselot, have been placed in overwhelmingly Democratic territory for their sins.

And so it goes. At present, L. A. County has seven Republicans and five Democrats in Washington; under the partition, only two of the Republicans are sure of re-election, with another given a 50-50 chance. The three new congressmen allotted to the county by the census are safely in the donkey's bag, and I don't think you could get even Harold Stassen to run against any of them.

On the state Assembly level, the boys committed the same sort of mayhem. Joe Shell, minority leader, prominently mentioned as Republican gubernatorial candidate if Nixon doesn't run, is another Pirandello character now in search of a constituency. Two staunch conservatives, Bruce Reagan and his good friend Frank Lanterman, have had their districts consolidated and may have to battle it out in the primaries against each other. One of my friends, whose district was untouched for a while, was asked by Jesse Unruh, the very, very vociferous Liberal who aims to be Speaker of the House, whether he could be counted in Jesse's corner; he refused and suddenly found himself in a strange new region.

It may be interesting to note that one of the consultants to the Committee on Reapportionment was Dr. Leroy Hardy of Long Beach State College, who had earned his doctorate by a thesis on the evils of gerrymandering, as exemplified by the California Republicans of 1951. Nothing like a good pro, is there?

The Collaborators

Some Republicans, it is no secret, collaborated with the enemy from the start. Others, feeling they were battling City Hall, negotiated for some minor concessions: at the end, though the Senate Republicans stood firm, 17 GOP assemblymen voted for the reapportionment bill.

A widely-circulated statement signed by John Krehbiel, State Chairman, flayed the Republicans who had made the deal in advance. There are hints that, in reprisal, these collaborators may not be supported come renomination time. In which case, don't be surprised if they run as Democrats in their presumably safe districts. California politics is like that.

Altogether, it looks like a good year for the Golden State's Liberal Establishment. Me—I'm building a bomb shelter.

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The Scarlet Letter

In the state of nature, said Hobbes, the life of man is solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short: so too was the life of Forsyth, child of his age.

COLM BROGAN

London

When you ask about love I always remember those magic moments we spent together. I know that my living doll aint no schoolboy crush and that she'll always be my high-class baby.

Dont leave me now as I've already got a mess of blues and if you dont whisper sweet nothings to me, there'll be 16 reasons for me to say I'm sorry.

There's nobody sweeter than you. You're my top teen baby who leaves me shaking all over. Just ask your heart about togetherness. That's all you've got to do and dont give me no summertime blues as that's when my heartaches begin and I get restless.

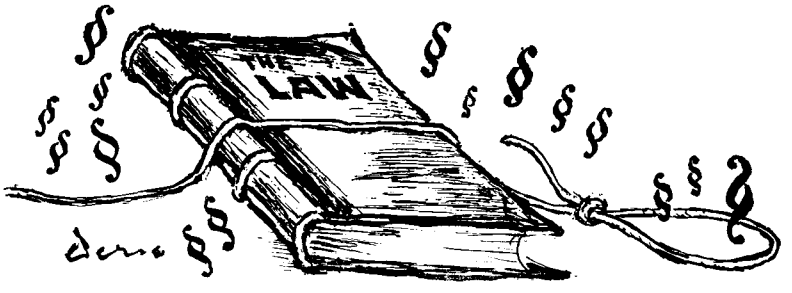
I keep on saying hallelujah. I just love her so and asking when I will be loved by my dream lover from that wondrous place.

It might be argued that this letter is derivative in style and banal in thought and feeling. Abelard, exiled from Heloise, wrote much better than that. Yet the young man who wrote to his living doll was the victim of an enforced separation that was intrinsically more anguishing and final than Abelard's. It was written by a young man sitting in the condemned cell waiting to be hanged for murder. (He is now dead.)

I think it is the most horrifying letter I have read in all my life. There is no mention of his atrocious crime and no word of regret for the girl. Yet she stands in grave need of sympathy. She is now seventeen but she was only sixteen when the magic moments gave her a child by the murderer. She now faces the appalling prospect of bearing a bastard child whose father has been hanged —a high class baby. Yet the man who left her with this hardly endurable burden instructs her not to give him the summertime blues. I begin to wonder if the treacle and slop of pop records is quite so innocuous as we like to imagine. Young people whose vital and meaningful vocabulary is no more than a few hundred words are provided with a stock of ready-made phrases which are no more than verbal drooling. Worse, they provide a nauseating substitute for honest and authentic feeling to cover an egotism that is as hard as a stone. The sum of the phrases is a philosophy of totally undisciplined greed and lust and of total alienation from reality.

"When a man knows he is to be hanged in a fortnight he concentrates his mind wonderfully." So said Dr. Johnson, but he lived before the days of pop music. The murderer's parents said that they were glad that at least he showed great courage facing his end. But what was the nature of that courage? Back to Sam Johnson. Commended once for showing great fortitude, he replied, "No, Sir. It was stark insensibility." What did the young man feel when at last reality broke into his cell in the shape of the hangman?

His name was Francis "Floss" Forsyth. He was born in London of working class parents. He seems never to have experienced hardship. Indeed, his parents may have had modest ambitions for him. He was accepted for a grammar school, reasonable evidence that his native intelligence was something above the average. But he joined a gang, and the gang led him to reform school and the first steps on the way to Hell. Neighbors have said that he was fundamentally a soft boy, wanting to be tough, and his published photographs support this estimate. Once let loose on the world, he took to loafing and crime. He wore tight jeans, his hair was a tended mass or mess of curls, and he gave all the indications of narcissistic vanity. But there was worse in him than that. When he was just eighteen he discussed with three young friends the best and most profitable way of passing an evening. They thought of breaking into a shop, but decided it would be easier to "roll" somebody, *i.e.*, beat a man unconscious and take his money. So they stationed themselves in a dark alleyway. The first customer was allowed to pass for he did not look like a promising subject. The second was struck down and his pockets were searched. The gang was unlucky for the victim, a young man called Jee who had become engaged just the day before, was returning from a session at the movies with his sweetheart and had only a few shillings in his pocket. Apparently enraged by the poor haul, Forsyth "put the boot in." The expression is metaphorical, for a fastidious dandy like Forsyth would never have worn anything as clumsy as boots. He was wearing winkle-pickers. The attack was totally senseless, for Jee was unconscious on the ground. Forsyth did it for the kicks. The expression is literal.



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Characteristically, the thugs panicked and ran away without even taking the handful of silver they had found. Jee died two days after.

The four were arrested some time afterwards, tried and found guilty. Two were sentenced to death, one to indefinite detention and the fourth escaped the death penalty only because he was not eighteen, the legal age for hanging. Of the four the most deeply guilty was Forsyth for he was the one who had kicked Jee to death. Perhaps the least deeply guilty was Harris, for though he had been the look-out and had searched for the money it appears that he did not touch Jee at all. Yet, he was sentenced to death along with Forsyth.

Campaign for Reprieve

Death penalty abolitionists, led, it need hardly be said, by Mr. Victor Gollancz, launched a strong campaign to secure a reprieve—for Forsyth. There was reason for this discrimination. Forsyth was faced with death because he was just over eighteen, while another youth escaped death because he was just under. That was the basis of the plea. Mr. Gollancz sent out a circular letter for signature to some hundreds of well-known people whose names had been picked "more or less at random" from *Who's Who*. The names of thirty odd of the most prominent were appended to a letter printed in *The Times*. (It emerged later that two thirds of those appealed to had not even replied.)

Some of those who did sign and were interviewed afterwards admitted with belated frankness that they knew of nothing to mitigate the atrocity of Forsyth's crime, but were using this case simply as a stick to beat the Homicide Act with. No doubt they argued that if Forsyth were acquitted because of his age then Harris could not be hanged alone. The maneuver, to put it moderately, was disingenuous. In the event, a reprieve was refused for both men and no doubt R. A. Butler, the Home Secretary, who is a humane man had reasons unknown to the public for refusing to spare Harris. But to the man in the street there was an arguable case for reprieving Harris and none at all for reprieving Forsyth.

Some of those who battled for Forsyth said it was important for the prevention of future murder to keep him alive to study the workings of his mind and to discover what social forces had made him what he had become. Others, with a very unaccustomed approval of American justice, referred to Leopold and Loeb and said that if Forsyth were spared he might well grow into an admirable citizen.

Whatever the intrinsic weight of these arguments, they could have no weight at all with the Home Secretary. In fact, the petitioners were asking R. A. Butler to break his oath of office. The Home Secretary cannot recommend a reprieve merely to please his own finer feelings or those of Mr. Victor Gollancz. He must administer the law as it stands, and the law says that there must be no reprieve unless the Home Secretary has found some important mitigating circumstance. The fact that Forsyth was only eighteen years and two months old was not a mitigating circumstance, nor was the fact that Mr. Gollancz and many another disliked capital punishment. Our new Homicide Act is indeed an absurdity, but it is not the business of the Home Secretary to make it a nullity. The petitioners achieved nothing except, perhaps, to turn attention away from Harris for whom there might have been some ground for reprieve within the existing law.

Abolitionists are fully entitled to fight for their cause, but they are not entitled to fight under false colors as many of them do. So strong is the law against putting pressure on the Home Secretary that no MP can ask the Home Secretary a question about a condemned man until a final decision on a reprieve has been made. But he is subject to organized pressure from outside.

There are two further points to be made. Those who believed that Forsyth could have been redeemed by the pure love of a good warder must have been shaken when an extra piece of information was quietly released after R. A. Butler had declared and pronounced himself absolute for death. Nine days after the unfortunate Allen Jee died, there was a vicious scuffle in the lounge of London Airport when a gang of hooligans made a ferocious assault on the police. Among the hooligans was Francis Floss Forsyth with the blood of Allen Jee hardly dry on his winkle-pickers.

Earlier in this article I said that Forsyth appeared to be insulated from reality. I now learn that this was only partly true. He apparently expressed full conviction that he would be reprieved, but at times reality broke through the carapace of the moral and mental imbecility of his pop philosophy. Once, at exercise, he attacked his warders and tried to break away. At times he would burst into bouts of violent screaming, saying that he must not die, he was too young to die. But there is no report that he ever gave a thought to his victim who was also too young to die. As so often happens, public anger against the murderer which was intense was modified as soon as the sentence was carried out. Justice had been done and hatred had become irrelevant. The reaction of religious people was perhaps more positive.

"God save all souls who die in the dark."

Dropping the Pilot

Let's face it. When the Nixons lost,
I waited for the holocaust
Inherent in the trinity
From Harvard University.
(Oh, you know who.) So, when both Ike
And JFK turned out alike
(Decision-wise, that is) I thought:
Good heavens! What hath Harvard wrought?
At first it seemed to me that drift
Was safer than a sudden shift,
But when he strode up to that mike
And said (this time, quite *un*like Ike):
"Don't ask what Uncle Sam can do
For you, but vice-versa, too,"
Says I: Young man, I like your style.
This time *I'll* go the extra mile.
Well, friends, I'm sorry. Get the mop.
For me, the New Frontier's a flop.
The Hundred Days have passed away,
But where's the lead from JFK?
The only action from the top
Is Bobby's when he's playing cop.

W. H. VON DREELE

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The Third World War

Image in What Mirror?

JAMES BURNHAM

By its second vote against Portugal in the UN Security Council, the Kennedy Administration has shown that its policy on the Angola-Mozambique issue is the result, not of a passing bright idea of one of the White House un-coordinators, but of deliberate decision.

From a strategic perspective, this decision is on its face preposterous. Portugal is our faithful ally and a charter member of NATO, core alliance of the Western world. She has placed her air bases and fine ports at our disposition. She has never played coy about her firm anti-Soviet, anti-Communist convictions. Until the present year's meddling by us, and certain others, her African provinces had been remarkably calm for this day and age.

Among the speedy consequences of our Angola votes and speeches have been the antagonizing of Portugal, France, Belgium and Britain, and the stimulation of disorders in both Portugal and Portuguese Africa.

Why did the Administration do it? What possessed Mr. Kennedy and his associates? One reason is a fundamental fallacy in our official doctrine that "the main theater of the Cold War" is the underdeveloped regions of Asia, Africa and Latin America. In truth, as the Kremlin strategists understand, the main theater is the earth's most highly developed regions: North America (above the Rio Grande), Western *and* Eastern Europe (including Russia).

Ignorance Multiplied

Reasoning from its fallacy of location, Washington deludes itself with the illusion that the primitive jungles of Africa are more important than the advanced men, ideas and machines of Europe. The absurdity should be obvious in the question: What will it profit you to gain the whole of Africa, and thereby lose your own Europe?

Second, there is also plain ignorance behind the Angolan decision, or an irresponsible disregard of known facts. The Portuguese have been in Angola for four hundred years. Before them, there was nothing, historically speaking: no nation, no civilization, nothing but scattered, warring, exceedingly primitive tribes. Ought Angola be "liberated"? But *what* is the "Angola" that can or could be liberated? As a nation, a society, a community, Angola *exists* only through Portugal. Take Portugal away, and a social chaos is left.

What could be sillier than the efforts of Chester Bowles and Soapy Williams to find some analogy with our own history and "liberation"? Where are the warring, primitive tribes that *our* ancestors found in this land? What will be our vote in the UN when delegations from the Iroquois and Sioux demand rule over the country we stole from them?

By a further irony, it is the Portuguese—in Africa as in Asia, Latin America and Europe—who have gone further than any other people toward that racial equality and "multi-racial society" which our Liberals profess as a controlling ideal. Brazil, which continues to be Portuguese in culture and tradition, is the one great example in history of a major and thriving multi-racial nation. Though there are economic and social distinctions in Angola, Mozambique, Goa and Portugal itself, these are not based on race. Hotels, restaurants, schools, vehicles in Angola are "integrated"; jobs are open to qualified persons of any race—and Negroes do in fact hold high-level posts in both business and government; racial intermarriage is commonplace.

Still more disorienting is Washington's failure to comprehend the origin and aims of the Angola "rebellion." With the general ferment in Africa, Angola doubtless could not have avoided troubles. However, the scale and ferocity of the recent actions is the result, not of spontaneous local resentments, but of conscious planning, support and guidance from without. Thousands of rifles and submachine guns do not grow from jungle trees, nor do jungle medicine men know how to train modern guerrilla units. The planning and support, as I outlined in this column last January, come in part from the Touré-Nkrumah African group, more fundamentally from the Communist enterprise.

The Communists aim, as everywhere in Black Africa, to drive out the Westerners and create a social chaos which their apparatus can take over. But their more important objective relates to the main theater: to disrupt NATO and break the links between the Western allies. This objective is directly abetted by the White House policy.

World Electioneering

Finally, and perhaps most important in explaining our Angola policy, is the fact that the two Kennedy brothers—Robert's influence should not be minimized—treat issues of international Grand Strategy in the terms they feel most at home with: those, namely, of electioneering in the modern, Madison Avenue style. They vote on Angola with Khrushchev, Sukarno and Touré, and against Salazar and de Gaulle, because they wish to slick up the "Public Image" of the U. S., as the Image of a soap or an election candidate is slicked up by the Madison Avenue pros. With its Image transformed to that of "anti-colonialist leader," the U. S. will win the World Election.

The approach is pathetically naive. No revolutionary nationalist will, or can, *allow* the U.S. to "give" him Liberation. His status depends on "seizing" Liberation from the imperialists. In a UN committee, immediately following the Angola vote, the Ghanese delegate remarked: "And so, you Americans, what are you doing in the Virgin Islands? Your turn will come."

Even if it could be put over, the Kennedy-painted Image is worse than useless. In their hearts, the leaders of the "uncommitted" nations despise us for kowtowing to them. What they really want to know is not whether we are brave enough to scold Portugal, Belgium and Holland, but whether we can find the courage to stand up to the Kremlin.

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Special Report

Tower's Victory in Texas

DAVID FRANKE

I spent five days in Houston after the election. During that time I didn't see a single automobile bumper sticker for William Blakley. John Tower signs were everywhere. It wasn't that Blakley supporters had, resignedly, stripped the stickers off their cars after his defeat; they had never stuck them on in the first place. It takes political devotion to walk about in the hot Texas sun placing campaign literature in automobiles parked at massive shopping centers, and in this campaign there was none, or very little, for Blakley. The youth, the enthusiasm, the energy were for John Tower. Even though Blakley *himself* is conservative.

What happened? The events that led to this year's success began three years ago, when the Liberals were at the height of their power in Texas. At that time the Republican Party was not considered a serious political entity anywhere outside of Dallas, where it had elected the eloquent conservative, Representative Bruce Alger. The ultra-Liberal Ralph Yarborough had forged an overwhelming coalition of Mexican, Negro and organized labor votes to defeat William Blakley in the Democratic senatorial primary. Liberals took over the party machinery in Houston, San Antonio, Beaumont and Port Arthur. The greatest loss of the conservative Democrats was in Harris County, which contains Houston's one million people, one-eighth of the state's population. There the Liberals won the race for the state Senate and all eight positions to the state House. Industrialization and the growth of organized labor was turning Texas into an ADA-Liberal state.

The conservative community, surveying the situation, decided to fight.

The most energetic and influential conservative group of those that were organized to administer political education was the bi-partisan Freedom In Action, which organized chapters throughout the state, but predominantly in Houston. A politically influential citizen would invite his neighbors to his house for coffee and to listen to an FIA speaker. Those who were interested would continue to meet. And when they had acquired a working knowledge of the issues posed by rampant Liberalism, the FIA leader would teach them the fundamentals of political organization: how to take over a precinct convention, then how to take over the county and state conventions and select the candidates for office. The "graduates" of this course were put to work in their home precincts.

Conservative Gains

The results were fantastic. Liberals, in complete control of the Harris County Democratic convention in 1958, were put to rout only two years later. Conservatives regained five of the eight state House seats. Educated and trained conservatives had entered their precinct and county conventions *en masse*.

Meanwhile, those Freedom In Action graduates who were Republicans went to work in their own party, which was already conservative but feeble on the organizational side. They zeroed in on thousands of white-collar workers who had followed businesses to Texas and had none of the traditional Southern reluctance to vote Republican.

In November 1960, Republican John Tower, running for the Senate against Lyndon Baines Johnson, gathered nearly 800,000 votes to Johnson's 1,050,000—owing in large part to massive anti-LBJ sentiment within Democratic ranks. The campaign put Tower in the spotlight, and when Johnson resigned his Senate position to become Vice President, Tower ran again.

John Tower

Five Factors

The factors involved in his victory were numerous, but among the more important were these:

1. *The candidates.* Tower is young, personable, dynamic. An articulate speaker with a background as college professor, by May 27 he had delivered speeches every day for an entire year. He spoke in nearly every county in Texas (there are 254 of them)—something common in two-party states, but not in Texas, where Republicans were accustomed to hitting only the big cities and traditional GOP centers such as West Texas and the German-populated areas. Blakley, in contrast, is much older and much less peppy. He generated no enthusiasm for his campaign.

2. *GOP organization.* The Republicans glossed over old divisions and factions within the party, and united to work for Tower's election. They won over many young people. In the November 1960 election, the older Republicans worked for a Nixon-Lodge-Tower ticket. The younger party workers voted for Nixon but found it hard to campaign for him, and reserved their major organizational efforts for Tower. This enthusiasm of the younger workers carried over into the two special elections.

3. *Democrats for Tower.* The Liberal press has made much of the Liberal Democrats' staying at home on May 27 in protest against the choice between two conservatives. This probably was a most important contributing factor. Liberal leaders openly urged their followers to stay home or go fishing. Of the traditionally Democratic Negro voters, only 10 per cent went to the polls—and 30 per cent of them voted for Tower. Also important, however, were the *conservative* Democrats who switched to Tower. The public

(Continued on p. 30)

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Letter from the Continent

Trouble Ahead in Italy

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

The question of the survival of democracy in Italy is the most serious problem in Europe today because there the possibility of a Communist take-over is greatest and the chance that this will be prevented by rightist elements the least likely. If Italy were to fall into the hands of the Communists, it would be a fatal blow to NATO and the entire defense system of the West.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

One thing is certain whether one considers the problem of Communism in Italy or elsewhere: the notion that the main weapon against Communism is a higher living standard, that one has to pour fantastic sums into "underdeveloped" areas in order to prevent them from turning Red, is nonsense.

All this sheds a certain amount of light on the Italian situation where the old, cheap and simple explanation about the famous "Communism of the stomach" no longer works. It never did work, but it once seemed more probable—on the surface.

No doubt, there is still an appalling amount of poverty in Italy, especially south of Rome, but at the same time it is an equally indisputable fact that general living standards in Italy *for all classes* have never been higher than they are right now. The richest parts of Italy *always* have been the Reddest: the provinces immediately south of the Po—not the distressed areas of the "Deep South," where poverty and misery have been the rule for centuries.

There is neither a social nor an economic explanation for the continued growth of Italian Communism. The reasons are deeper and of a subtler order. First of all we must eliminate the *personal* element in the present Italian scene. Italians are prone to follow a strong man who stirs their imagination—especially if he is good looking and/or a powerful orator. Yet, while there is a real thirst for the magic appearance of such a person, there is nobody today who fulfills such a yearning.

With the death of Austrian-born Alcide de Gasperi, Italy's Christian Democratic leaders lost the only inspiring figure they had. The *Demochristiani* no longer have a clear cut majority and one uneasy government coalition has followed another. The PSDI, Saragat's Social Democrats, tolerate the government and also tolerate NATO. And thus the government has been able to survive and probably will continue to do so until 1963 when the next election is scheduled. The PSI, the more radical Socialists under Nenni, are still too near to the Communists to be considered material for a coalition government. If the time comes when the PSI becomes a partner in a coalition it will hardly be possible to keep Italy in NATO. At the other end of the scale are the men of the MSI, the neo-fascists, who slowly but surely have increased their hold, especially upon the young. If the present trend of radicalization—an increase in Communist and, to a minor extent, MSI votes—is not reversed, the *apertura alla sinistra,* the "opening towards the Left" becomes unavoidable. And with it the utter foolishness of "implanting" democratic republicanism in Italy will become fully evident.

In the plebiscite of 1946 the monarchy gave way to a form of government which offered the Communists conditions much more ideal for the realization of their dearest dream than monarchy ever could.

What will happen in Italy if, in 1963, the Communists together with the MSI become sufficiently powerful to checkmate the constitution? Today nobody in Italy is able to give a straight, coherent, factual answer to this dreadful and fatal problem which few people inside (and outside) of Italy dare to face honestly and courageously.

All this does not mean that the Italians are becoming increasingly *convinced* Communists. They vote for the Communist ticket in larger and larger numbers in local elections because it's fun in Italy to be against the government, to be a Communist; because the new wave of practical materialism has made Italians conscious of the living standard; because instead of art, music, wine, women and conviviality, technology and financial matters interest them more and more—a phenomenon most unjustly called "Americanization." Italians cannot become "Americans," but they can become Communists.

And what about religion? The belief that the Roman Catholic hierarchy or the Vatican has the power to dictate political creeds and decisions was totally untrue in the Middle Ages and it is totally untrue today. This sort of vision is a myth for three reasons: 1) the well-known disobedience of the Catholic masses *almost* anywhere; 2) the tremendous lack of valid information, insight, and political shrewdness among the majority of responsible Church leaders in Rome, and 3) the fragmentary Catholic education of the Italian people who, in their vast majority, have only the scantiest notion of their Faith. In addition, socialist and socializing tendencies, especially among younger priests, have created a marked complacency towards the parties of the Left and one frequently hears the lamenting remark that Marxism would be quite acceptable if only it were not, unfortunately, married to atheism. Hence men like Cardinal Ottaviani are applauded for their staunchly anti-Leftist stand which, in itself, is laudable—but it is not enough. In order to become a dynamic force, the Catholic Church in Italy would have to come up with a positive vision, would have to encourage the design of new political blueprints. The mere reiteration of commonplaces to a people *so hungry for the perpetually new as the Italians* is totally insufficient. The other "hopes" are a revolution by the MSI, monarchical restoration, or military dictatorship; of these the restoration is least likely and the victory of the "Missini" the least desirable.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Enemies of the Private Schools

The dervishes of the National Education Association are much given to denouncing any man who ventures to criticize anything in any state-supported school as "an enemy of the public schools." Well, these NEA gentry know *something* about enmity, if not about education; for their crowd, acting ordinarily through the several state education associations and through their interlocking directorates that give them control of most state departments of public instruction, long have been doing whatever they can to injure *private*—including church-connected—schools.

Kirk

State departments of social welfare often are staffed by persons allied with the education-association clique: and such auxiliaries can be relied upon to make mischief for private schools whenever opportunity offers. Some months ago I discussed the California case in which a private nursery-school was refused a license by California's *welfare* authorities because it actually proposed to teach youngsters *something*—which, of course, is contrary to the welfare of Deweyites.

In Michigan, more recently, the state's Social Welfare Commission declined to grant a board-school license to a denominational secondary school, not because of inadequate physical facilities, or hazards to health and safety, but because, in the Commission's opinion, some of the teachers were not fully certified—that is, had not taken enough credits in Education! This has disturbed the private and parochial schools of Michigan, which now are viewing with alarm proposed changes in the code of certification for Michigan teachers.

At present, non-public Michigan schools are exempt, *de facto,* from the certification-requirements for teachers that the Department of Public Instruction imposes upon all state-supported schools. If parochial and private schools were required to have all their teachers certified—which, I repeat, amounts to making them take large quantities of course work in pedagogy—they might find it impossible to continue to exist. By and large, I think, the teachers in private schools are *better* qualified, in actuality, for the teaching profession, than are the public school teachers who have been compelled to waste many class hours in courses like "Advanced Workshop in Testing and Measurement for Vocational Instruction for the Physically Handicapped," or "The Democratic Process as Applied to the Teaching of the Natural Sciences."

In 1921, the Michigan legislature passed an act placing all private and denominational elementary schools under direct supervision of the state superintendent of public instruction. (This act, passed during the height of power of the Ku Klux Klan, was substituted for a more extreme proposal that would have forced all students, five to sixteen years of age, to attend *public* schools only.) In fact, the Michigan superintendents of public instruction have not much bothered the private schools since 1921; but now there are signs that the public school educationist doctrinaires are trying to extend their empire.

"Needless to say, if free enterprise in the field of education is to continue," a Michigan clergyman writes, "if the civil rights of parents to choose which educational agency is to educate their children are to be preserved, both private and denominational school systems had better be on their guard. I believe that you will agree with me that private and denominational groups were pioneers in the field of education in the history of our country. Standard achievement tests given pupils and students of these schools have adequately proven that point."

Aye, the parochial and private schools of Michigan, and of several other states, need to guard their rights jealously in 1961—and ought to resort to political action, if this threat to their existence continues. The monolithic system of state monopoly of schooling which the NEA zealots openly or secretly favor is hostile toward what Orestes Brownson called our "territorial democracy."

College Teachers Next

Not content with putting pressure upon the private schools to compel their teachers to be education majors or education college graduates, the Deweyite hierarchs in Michigan also are endeavoring to compel all teachers—professors, that is—in Michigan's community colleges to hold public school teaching certificates. Then, as these two year community colleges are gradually exalted (they hope) to the status of degree-granting institutions, the educationists will have a foothold among college and university faculties—and will begin a campaign to force even the most distinguished scholars in old universities to get education diplomas, or be ejected from their posts.

Just this is proposed in a pamphlet recently published by the "National Commission on Teacher Education and Professional Standards" of the National Education Association. This report, called "New Horizons in Teacher Education and Professional Standards," is sufficiently candid on the subject. Advocating "Licensure" (a pretty example of the educationist jargon) of all professors and teachers by a central state authority, this Commission declares, "All persons should be licensed who serve in an educational capacity as professional personnel in an organized school or institution of higher learning in a state system of education or in a *private educational institution* providing a parallel or corresponding educational service." (Italics mine.) Well—let private and parochial schools, and all friends of the higher learning, beware.

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Four Poems

CHARLES TOMLINSON

The Flight

Foam lips
    waters
        in following folds
the slow
    irrefutable insistence
        of the unheard argument
is now behind us
    and the immense palm
        unrolling its map of wrinkles
bares
    Dakota's rock—
        the Chinese
predicted
    and depicted this
        where cream-white
rises into a wall
    which pinestems (red)
        horizontality of branch
and leaf-mass (rhythmically repeated)
    'decorate' is the word.
        Europe
could not foretell
    that prime vernacular
        made keen
by silence. Lower
    and may the hovering eye
        particularize.

Ship's Waiters

for Marianne Moore

Waiters
    'gliding'
        with the accuracy
and the inscrutable
    intuition of the bat,
        that avoids collision
even by dark. Nothing
    can diminish
        that peculiar concert
of either the gliding
    man, or the infallible
        freaked quadruped, but one
can equal it—
    I mean
        the leaning fathoms
their pulse
    its arterial unpredictable beat
        teasing precisions from those
            harried feet.

The Gossamers

Autumn. A haze is gold
By definition. This one lit
The thread of gossamers
That webbed across it
Out of shadow and again
Through rocking spaces which the sun
Claimed in the leafage. Now
I saw for what they were
These glitterings in grass, on air
Of certainties that ride and plot
The currents in their tenuous stride
And, as they flow, must touch
Each blade and, touching, know
Its green resistance. Undefined
The haze of autumn in the mind
Is gold, is glaze.

The Death of Elizabeth Grieve

Anno 1958

Moonlight
    spills
        unseasonable frost
beside the fall:
    she watches
        zone by zone
the current slide into the moon
    and stretch,
        the shafts
of water
    sounding
        for a ground
they cannot find,
    then, powerless, this
        swaying power
twist,
    swept-out
        in wilder need
that enters her
    in its unravelling
        abandonment to air
till all she is
    must fall
        in flight before
the moonlight's importunities.

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All-Too-Hasty Wisdom

THOMAS MOLNAR

George F. Kennan is certainly the most readable among the New Frontier *politicians*, and the present book—two well-edited series of lectures—is lively, often fascinating. It is a relief to sense a man behind a book when, in the political literature of today, so many false messiahs wrap their tiny persons and tinier messages in a pretentious jargon.

This is a book by a historian, but one who was close to many of the events he recounts and who, moreover, has drawn from them conclusions of a political nature. While the *historian* is cultured, literate, and blessed with an alert mind, the *political* thinker displays disquieting errors of judgment, and—if there is such a thing—an all-too-hasty wisdom.

I say wisdom because, as in some of his previous works, Kennan correctly gauges the basic isolationism of his compatriots even when they are, like FDR, interventionists; their refusal to understand that conflicts between nations are of the same nature as the antagonisms between individuals and thus ineradicable from the fabric of history; and the "parochialism of the Anglo-Saxon mind [and of American society] in which the manifestations of evil have been carefully buried and sublimated in the social behavior of people as in their consciences."

It is refreshing in these passages to get away from the self-righteous repetition of our own goodness and pure intentions that has been the basic theme of our diplomacy, propaganda, and foreign-political studies. Yet, like so many well-meaning and intelligent Liberals, Kennan, while avoiding one error, falls into another: insisting upon realism and a realistic appraisal of the situation, he sees Russia as just another hostile regime we must deal with, and even confesses his doubt "whether an enemy with whom one can communicate is really entirely an enemy."

***Russia and the West Under Lenin and Stalin*, by George F. Kennan. Atlantic-Little, Brown, $5.75.**

Ostensibly, Kennan begins his review of forty years' Russian-Western relations with the intention of refuting the claim of Soviet historians that Allied intervention and ill-will at the birth of the Soviet State (1917-1921) are responsible for later Russian mistrust of the West. At this time, when some of our intellectuals have begun to "re-evaluate" the history of the Cold War and put the blame on the United States, we owe a debt to Kennan who painstakingly sets the early part of the record straight. He shows, for example, that American, British and French anxiety in 1918 was not over the establishment of a Communist regime in Russia, but over the announced intention of Lenin's government to withdraw from the war, thus permitting the German army to throw all its might onto the Western Front.

But in spite of Kennan's laudable effort to be an impartial chronicler of the revolutionary period, of the diplomatic history up to World War II, of the war years and after, until Stalin's death, the impression one derives is that of a strange inability to understand some basic motives underlying the East-West struggle. As a Western Liberal, brought up in the humanistic tradition, Kennan is really *annoyed* that in his own lifetime such subterranean forces as quasi-religious convictions and destructive ideologies have reappeared when the universal humanistic values ought to have extirpated them long ago. Consequently, he does not cease hoping that the "unquestionable purity of the ideals by which the revolutionaries were driven" might some day be reaffirmed. His sympathy goes out to the pathetic figure of Chicherin, Lenin's foreign commissar whom the dictator kept on the leash of his aristocratic origin; to Litvinov who evidently preferred the Western to the Nazi alliance; finally, to those victims of Stalin's purges who had come to know the West (for example, in the Spanish Civil War) and, according to Kennan, were to liberalize the Communist regime on their return to Russia.

His lack of understanding of the nature of Communism (of Marxism) leads Kennan to the attitude unfortunately so common today in Liberal circles: that of a detached philosopher viewing the present conflict from somewhere above, condemning the unruly participants and threatening them with the "nuclear holocaust." Indeed, how can we trust the author's political (and ultimately, historical) judgment when all he is anxious about is to reassure us that the Kremlin's masters do not want war and that open military conflict with the West has never been their objective? Of course not, when they may achieve their goals by other means, the nature of which, incidentally, Kennan again misconstrues.

He speaks, for example, of the "ambiguity and contradictoriness of Soviet policy . . . the combination of the doctrine of coexistence . . . with the most determined effort behind the scenes to destroy the Western governments and the social, political systems supporting them." He is obviously fascinated with this aspect of Soviet policy for he returns to it again, calling it a "curious dialectical opposition, the desire to destroy bourgeois governments, on the one hand, and the desire to enjoy the advantages of normal intercourse with them, on the other."

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But what is so "curious" about this? It is precisely the whole Soviet policy in a nutshell—and Kennan fails to crack it. In order to destroy the Western world, the Communists maintain relations with it; for easier infiltration, for more open propaganda facilities, and also for armed assistance, as in 1941, against Hitler.

After this the reader will not be surprised that Kennan considers the roughness and toughness of Communism spent with Stalin's death.

***GEORGE F. KENNAN:* ". . . a detached philosopher viewing the present conflict from somewhere above, condemning the unruly participants . . ."**

Since March 1953 we have experienced on the Kremlin's part "recalcitrance, sheer orneriness and unreasonableness, which we encounter in the behavior of States anywhere." But the thaw has gone too far for a Khrushchev "to bottle up again the intellectual and cultural life of this talented people."

True, these alarming remarks are balanced by others which show Kennan's grasp of political reality, as when he writes that even the most single-minded ideologue, when in power, is "saddled with the traditional concerns of government in that country . . . and [becomes] a protagonist of the traditional interests, a guardian against the traditional dangers." But this *Realpolitik* is that of the nineteenth century, and while it is valid as far as it goes, it does not go far enough. It understands that power is the decisive political reality, but not that power in this century has a strong ideological component. Thus there is no place in its system for that ideological blanket which Khrushchev pulls more and more to himself until the shrinking West is exposed in all its defenseless nakedness.

Fiction

Notes from a Helpless Reader

JOAN DIDION

Among the several small compulsions to which I am given, perhaps the most insidious of all is reading. A kind of glaze comes over my mind in the presence of the printed word: I read the tax stamps on cigarette wrappers, the trademark information in du Pont advertisements, the Passover menus in the New York *Daily News;* I read production schedules in the *Hollywood Reporter* and have twice this year read through the merit-badge requirements in an old *Girl Scout Handbook.* At a lunch counter, my attention is fixed trance-like upon the described glories of muffins served with golden, creamery-fresh, whipped butter; on a flight between New York and San Francisco, there I am, first perusing *Profiles in Courage,* then raptly scanning, in three languages, the instructions for obtaining and inflating life jackets.

Although my reading is clearly more a nervous addiction than an insatiable quest for knowledge, a certain selectivity does operate. I do not prefer the *Hollywood Reporter* to a really magnificently bad novel (say *Hawaii,* or *Water of Life*), but I do prefer it to a *nothing* novel. There is something peculiarly enervating about the kind of novel I have in mind; it lacks what the boys call "consumer benefit." One finds oneself reading more but enjoying it less, remembering how great novels used to taste, wondering what happened to that deep, cool, kiss-of-the-hops prose.

Faced, for example, with Peter Sourian's *The Best and Worst of Times,* I found myself longing for the presumable instructiveness of *The Girl Scout Handbook,* for the putative usefulness (the chances of ditching in Lake Tahoe are slender but real) of those life-jacket instructions. Since even Mr. Sourian's publishers had some difficulty outlining the action (*they weasled out on the jacket with* something about "the fitful, elusive wisdom of youth"), I won't try. Suffice it to say that the central character (the jacket describes him as "the hero," and nothing Mr. Sourian says indicates that he wasn't intended as one) is one of those Harvard boys who, several years out, still finds the *ambiance* of Eliot House and Cronin's large enough to encompass his notion of the possibilities of life.

It is not simply that *The Best and Worst of Times* lacks both a plot and a discernible point; not merely that the book fails to come off. Any number of *manqué* novels—Norman Mailer's *The Deer Park,* William Styron's *Set This House On Fire*—remain, in their failure, interesting, useful, suggestive. The problem is that Mr. Sourian is at one with "the hero": they remember Eliot House together, read "The News of the Week in Review" together on Sunday morning, fret together that the wife of "the hero" will smell another woman's perfume on his jacket. The problem is a failure of imagination, a restriction of humor, and I do not suppose that very much could remedy it. Novelists like Mailer and Styron need editors; novelists like Mr. Sourian need vocational guidance.

The Best and Worst of Times, by Peter Sourian. Doubleday, $3.95

The House on Coliseum Street, by Shirley Ann Grau. Knopf, $3.50

The Lime Twig, by John Hawkes. New Directions, $3.50

Shirley Ann Grau, whose second novel, *The House on Coliseum Street,* was published in June, is a slightly different case. She is, to begin with, a writer of some style, although the style runs to Bryn Mawr Provincial, or, more accurately in her instance, Late Newcombe. As an account of how one twenty-year-old girl became, over the course of one hot New Orleans summer, totally dissociated from herself, *The House on Coliseum Street* is handled well, done sparingly, done to some point. Miss Grau has the *malaise* down exactly right: that sense of drift, that carelessness, that preoccupation with the weather. And yet the novel opens no

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windows, engages no possibilities, tells nothing that one does not already know; it is occasionally evocative but never suggestive, and it is finally, like *The Best and Worst of Times*, a failure of the imagination.

IF I HAVE skimmed over these two novels here, it is because even their presence on my bedroom table this past week has proved slightly more sedative than phenobarbital. If I skim over John Hawkes' *The Lime Twig*, it is in despair at my inability to convey its imaginative brilliance, its appreciation of the possibilities that lurk somewhere outside Eliot House. If you have ever read *Brighton Rock* while in a peyote trance, you may have some notion—I don't know—of what *The Lime Twig* is like. It is peopled by characters who come to live out their own nightmares: Hencher, the inveterate lodger, the man who lives vicariously, finally kicked to death by the horse he had arranged to steal; Cowles, his throat cut in the oppressive white anonymity of a steam bath; Michael Banks, throwing himself on the track before a field of horses; Margaret Banks, dreamily beaten almost to death ("she realized . . . it was something they couldn't even show in films") and finally freed from her ropes by a man in a steel vest, whose next step is to slash her wrists. (" 'You cut me.' He said only: 'I meant to cut you, Miss . . .' ") And Larry, the killer in the steel vest, the love-death made manifest, the nightmare lover, his women begging to see the bullet-proof vest: "Larry turned slowly around so they could see, and there was the gun's blue butt, the dazzling links of steel. . . . 'For twenty years,' shouted Dora again through smoke opaque as ice, 'for twenty years I've admired that! Does anybody blame me?' "

As in a dream, gratuitous horror mounts upon gratuitous horror; every scene unfolds like those nightmares in which, as one tries to cope with the rattlesnakes underfoot, a faceless body hurtles down an air-shaft somewhere in the distance. But the power of *The Lime Twig* is that the action takes place exactly on the *brink* of nightmare: it is not quite hallucination, and therefore nothing from which you can wake up; it is every waking wish carried to its logical extreme, and what Dora and Larry and Hencher and Michael and Margaret are screaming is simply *mon semblable, mon frère*. In brief, *The Lime Twig* made me more than happy, for the first time in some time, to set aside the *Hollywood Reporter*.

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The Pivot of Education

FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN

MR. Christopher Dawson's *The Crisis of Western Education* is a collection of essays, some of which were first published a few years ago in *America*, the *Commonweal*, and other Catholic journals of opinion. Together they advance Dawson's proposal for a reform of the American Catholic liberal arts college. He calls for a heart to liberal studies, a hub from which the spokes of learning would span out in the direction of their own finalities and to which they would all return as to a fixed center. And he suggests that the most natural center for liberal education is the reality of Christian culture itself, the living organism which gave birth to our common intellectual inheritance and the soil in which that common inheritance has its being.

***The Crisis of Western Education*, by Christopher Dawson. Sheed and Ward, $3.95**

Every education that is liberal must be centered around some cultural tradition. Every education must be structured and located historically. *Some* integrating force must unite the several disciplines making up a liberal education. The older humanism centered itself around the reality of classical culture and introduced students not simply to a series of literary and philosophical subjects but to a world in the reality of which they were invited to participate. This common humanism cut across the divisions caused by the Reformation and enabled Europe to remain a common culture until the Enlightenment.

Dawson advances an analogous program which would be both richer and deeper: richer because it would look not only to the best that man has thought and done—as the formula of Matthew Arnold has it—but would encompass as well the living popular literature and art of the nations that emerged out of the medieval unity of Christendom; deeper because its heart would be Christian rather than pagan. Classical humanism was adequate for a society which was still Christian, but classical humanism is not enough for a society which has ceased being Christian institutionally and emotionally. Dawson is not calling, therefore, for a literature program or for a "humanities" program. He is calling for an education that forms within a man a unique style of life, a way of being.

Granting the desirability of his suggestions, we are still faced with the grave problem of implementing them. The integration of liberal studies by Christian culture could probably be achieved best by individual scholars who would bring to their own subjects a unified Christian vision of existence. The difficulty here is that all too few scholars possess the reading, the experience, and the historical imagination needed to forge such a vision.

An integration effected from above by a group of scholars acting under the cloak of an administrative ukase would suffer from the evil of forcing an integration upon a reluctant faculty that would resent this instrumentalizing of their respective fields of competence. It also might encourage a kind of intellectual dilettantism that is only avoided by concentration—at least during some fairly early point within the academic career—upon one isolated field of

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study. Perhaps one way to avoid these twin evils would be to introduce advanced studies that combined specialization in one field with courses leading to competence in the whole field of Christian culture. In this manner the analytic discipline that comes only with narrowed concentration could be combined with the synthetic liberation that is found only in vision. But before attempting to settle such issues it would be necessary to determine whether the Dawson program is in fact philosophically and educationally desirable.

Dawson's proposals are likely to shock theologians and philosophers alike because he frankly suggests a sociological and historical centering of Catholic education, whereas Catholic educators have been prone to find that center in systematic philosophy or in the analytic and abstract presentation of Christian doctrine. But the Dawson program would not touch the supremacy of theology and philosophy: it would take them out of the picture frame where they are now hanging in the American Catholic college and set them to marching through history where they have always been anyhow.

Dawson's attitude toward John Dewey is quite revealing on this issue. He does not object to Mr. Dewey because Dewey wanted education to introduce a man to society; Dawson objects to the kind of society Dewey had in mind. The strength of Dewey's pragmatism was rooted in its awareness that education in the naked truth is not enough, that the truth must somehow be loved and that love is something personal and therefore social and cultural. It was this truth within Dewey's attack against formalism and abstractionism that made him *persona grata* to an essentially practical and generous people—to a people for whom education was something social as well as purely intellectual. There are psychological springs deep within the generosity of the American spirit that meet Christopher Dawson's insistence upon the cultural meaning of education.

Although any given liberal subject has its own finality which must not be tampered with by educational reformers, the whole order of university subjects must be located *somewhere* and must happen within some sequence, some *time*. Man lives in a space-time universe and is a space-time being: the temporal dialogue which is education is historical because it takes place in time and this time is enfleshed in place. To say all this is to say that liberal knowledge is not located in a Platonic and classical heaven: this would be to locate the dialogue in a place which is no-place. The dialogue happened and is happening *here*, within this Christian culture that has made us the men we are.

Such an education as Dawson proposes is not futuristic because the future grows out of past seeds whose fulfillment demands that they be watered and conserved: apocalypse and union with the whole sweep of our Christian history. It is evolutionary because it is conservative, and conservative because it is evolutionary. An education centered around a reality and not an idea, around a people and not a book, around the Spirit of Wisdom and not the wisdom of this world, is education that converts knowledge into being and conviction into life.

Movies

Lumpen-Caesar

FRANCIS RUSSELL

But for the lucky chance that University Hall had had enough of me, I might have still been a Harvard undergraduate in the spring of 1932. Instead, that ominous spring saw me a student at the University of Greifswald in Pomerania. To the Harvard

lean who suggested I was more fitted or the path of life insurance than the groove of academe, I have been grateful ever since. Because of him my education was formed, not by taking sixteen courses of academic bric-à-brac, but by living through a society in disintegration and seeing a government fall.

Greifswald was a small Baltic seaport that could have served as background for the minor nostalgic stories of Theodor Storm. Overarched by chestnut trees, dominated by the brick gothic St. Nikolai Church with its baroque tower, its market place unchanged in four hundred years—that was the town.

Most of the students in my time—except for the Catholics—were National Socialists. Many I knew were storm troopers who used to drill secretly behind the cemetery in the luminous May evenings; for the Bruening Government had banned both them and their uniforms. In fact, at that time all uniforms, even Boy Scout uniforms, were banned. My Nazi fellow students were either pleasant and unintelligent or intelligent and unpleasant. I never met one who was both pleasant and intelligent.

I remember well the rumors on the last May week-end when Hindenburg went to his estate, Neudeck, in East Prussia. Even in the backwater of Greifswald we were aware that something was going to happen on Monday morning. And something did! Chancellor Bruening—"the Jesuit," the Nazis called him—was out, and fox-faced von Papen with his interim cabinet of barons was in. That was the sorry end of the sorry Weimar Republic.

A few days later the uniform ban was lifted and the storm troopers took to the streets. Our demonstration in Greifswald was minor enough and, unlike Berlin and Leipzig and Hamburg, no heads were broken. A few hundred students in brown shirts with red swastika-circled brassards marched past the gabled front of the town hall, their hob-nailed boots ringing out against the cobbles. As I

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stood on the curb watching the ranks of stern faces, made sterner still by the tight chin-straps of the stiff caps, I had the sense of a relentless force moving to an end no one could foretell. Many of those faces I recognized. Several of the marchers even saluted me as they passed. But they were no longer the casual students with whom I drank beer on Saturday night. Where would it all end?

THE ANSWER to that question was given in Hitler's Berlin bunker thirteen years later, and there have been many versions of it. The current selection of captured German newsreels compiled into the full-length film *Mein Kampf* is the best visual one to date. Of course it cannot convey that ominous sense of destiny I experienced long ago under the chestnut trees in Greifswald, for we know the outcome when we buy our ticket. In 1932 one had no such comfortable certainty.

How tawdry Hitler now seems with his puffy tradesman's face, his ham gestures and his froth of ungrammatical rantings. This is the figure recorded on the screen, the costive apotheosis of the little man in all his meanness. Nevertheless, and to the sorrow of those who could not then see it, this Lumpen-Caesar was still a Caesar, an evil genius, a man of destiny. The mesmeric quality that does not come through on any film or recording was insistent enough to those who knew him. I remember a subordinate of Admiral Doenitz telling me after the war that whenever the admiral had to visit Hitler in Berlin he would arrange to arrive after lunch because eating with the Fuehrer always gave him colic for a day afterward.

Mein Kampf is really more a film history of Germany from 1914 to 1945 than a strict Hitler document. Most of the scenes—from the blurred pathetic shots of troops marching jerkily down Unter Den Linden in August 1914 and being garlanded with flowers by delirious civilians all innocent of what modern war would mean, to the drugged and broken Hitler pinning an iron cross on a thirteen-year-old boy in the spring of 1945—are ones that have been shown before. There is the senile and bewildered Hindenburg spotlighted in the window of the President's Palace as he stares down at the ranks of torch-bearing storm troopers marching past in their triumph to celebrate Hitler's coming to power as Chancellor. At the end of the parade the old man is said to have remarked to his son: "Oscar, when did we take all those Russian prisoners?" There is the awesome steam-roller boredom of those colossal "Party Days" with their million marchers and the hysterical massmen bellowing and screaming their *Sieg Heils!* Incidentally it was Putz Hanfstaengel who adapted the *Siegs* and the *Heils* from his undergraduate memories of the cheering section at Harvard football games.

What have never been shown before are the reels made by the Gestapo in the sealed Warsaw ghetto and in some of the extermination camps. Afterward they were never exhibited in Germany for fear, despite all Nazi propaganda, of arousing pity for the Jews. So appalling are these films that my first feeling was that they should have been destroyed. Here people drop to the pavement and are left to die; children wither away; naked young women—some with babies in their arms—are herded into the gas chambers. Here indeed is the record of what human beings have done, can do, to other human beings in our century. My second feeling is, however, to be glad these bestialities are being shown and to hope that they will be shown as widely as possible, even in schools and to the ruminants in drive-ins. For this is more than an indictment of the Lumpen-Caesar and his works. It is the lesson of what happens when the power state takes it upon itself to get rid of individuals who challenge its preconceived abstractions. It used to be, in the jargon of the twenties, that "you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs." *Mein Kampf* is a visual record of what that slogan really means. It means Auschwitz, Vorkuta, the Warsaw ghetto and the Chinese communes.

Of Interest

A Journey to Matecumbe, by Robert Lewis Taylor (McGraw-Hill, $5.95). A spirited reprise of *Huckleberry Finn.*

The Figure of Beatrice, by Charles Williams (Noonday, $1.45). Reissues a book which can never be recommended too often, whether as a lucent study of the *Divine Comedy,* or a serene demonstration that reading other people's poetry can be, in itself, a kind of creative art.

The Adventures of Maude Noakes, by Alan Neame (New Directions, $3.75). Broad and funny farce about a lady Candide who undertakes a single-minded campaign to save Africa from the Anglicans.

A Dynasty of Western Outlaws, by Paul I. Wellman (Doubleday, $4.95). Although the book is heavy, the saga still compels: stories of the fast guns from Quantrill's Raiders to Pretty Boy Floyd. All of them come to grief and dust.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

A NATION OF SHEEP, by William J. Lederer (Norton, $3.75). Does anyone doubt that the American people know little and care less about the world? Or that these lazy lambs are daily led to slaughter by secretive bureaucrats and a slipshod press? If so, this book will leave him bug-eyed, aroused and ready to carry out Captain Lederer's orders. Which are: Everybody ought to read a Good Newspaper (The *New York Times*); Mom should stir up the clubwomen about World Affairs; Dad ought to interrogate Sis and Junior about Laos over dessert, and everybody should write his congressmen. Such is the raw meat thrown the simple-minded by this fact-and-fancy sequel to *The Ugly American.* Oh, this is supposed to be a straight book, and it may appear so to the unknowing. But the venomous chapter on Chiang Kai-shek amply proves that old salt Lederer still doesn't let a fact or two get in the way of a good yarn. Why, he shouts, weren't we told about Chiang's crookedness? But

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we were, endlessly, while China fell. The value of this "exposé" may be judged by the author's comment to the *Honolulu Advertiser:* "I went to Harvard to have most of the book checked. The chapter on China was checked by Professor John Fairbank." Formerly of IPR.

R. WHALEN

THE GREAT NORTH ROAD, by Frank Morley (Macmillan, $5.00). The latest fashion in social histories is to study a long period of time from the vantage-point of some enduring inanimate object—*e.g.*, the little Japanese inn on the Tokaido road between Tokyo and Kyoto, from which Oliver Statler observes feudal Japan and its emergence into the modern era. Frank Morley's protagonist is the ancient trunk route between London and Edinburgh, which has known the tramp of Romans, Saxons, Danes and Normans, and has witnessed hundreds of memorable processions. Mr. Morley does not really succeed in proving that his Road has played some large and hitherto unrecognized part in British history; nor is he, as an *amateur* of historical speculation, in quite the same league with H. V. Morton. But he has a fertile and playful mind, well stocked with odd bits of information, and his book reads rather like a rambling monologue by some witty and talkative don. Did the Emperor Claudius really take war elephants with him to London in 43 A.D.? Did Robin Hood wear "Lincoln green"—or red? Did Oliver Cromwell decide to emigrate to America, but miss the boat? No longer important questions, perhaps, but still interesting ones. They will help take your mind off Laos.

W. A. RUSHER

JAPAN SUBDUED, *The Atomic Bomb and the End of the War in the Pacific*, by Herbert Feis (Princeton, $4.00). This book is regarded as the final volume by the author in his series on the diplomatic history of World War Two. Mr. Feis is one of the few historians who enjoys access to the confidential files of the Department of State, and this volume reflects its sympathetic judgments of the Roosevelt-Truman foreign policies as related to the Japanese war. His conclusions and the important evidence he gives regarding Soviet Russia's entry into the Pacific War and the dropping of the atomic bomb indicate great naiveté on his part as well as on the part of the top planners. Mr. Feis states that there are "three assumptions which influenced the American course. One was that since Stalin was deemed to have restricted Soviet aims in the Far East reasonably in the statements he made to Hopkins, there was no sound reason for trying to avert Soviet entry into the war. Another was that China upon which we were bestowing many benefits would be a faithful friend and ally in the Far East. The third was that there was no good reason to refrain from the use of the atomic bomb, like any other weapon, against Japan." Dismissing the whole issue of Soviet chicanery, he begs the principal issue of this phase of history.

A. KUBEK

SAMUEL JOHNSON THE MORALIST, by Robert Voitle (Harvard, $4.25). The Romantics turned away from Doctor Johnson, the Victorians

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—RICHMOND NEWS LEADER

THE MOULDING OF COMMUNISTS

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condemned him, while various Moderns have, Heaven help them, condescended toward him. This sequence of negative attitudes has a positive correlation with the decline of the West. A recent resuscitation of intelligence regarding Johnson has not yet affected enough persons to argue a sure reprieve for civilization, but has at least, and at last, now spread from Yale to Harvard. Astonishingly, Professor Voitle's valuable study was subsidized by the Ford Foundation as well as by the University of North Carolina, where he is a professor of English. What marks the new studies is evidence that the authors have read Johnson. Voitle also reveals considerable proper sympathy for the great, good, melancholy wit whom he analyzes as "the first moralist of [his] age." The force of Johnson's combined erudition and Christian charity, wherewith he confounded intellectual affectation and relieved material distress on sight, is effectively conveyed in this volume through analysis, summary, quotation and paraphrase. For a single illustration of Johnson and Johnsonian Voitle: " 'Sir, it is an affectation to feel the distress of others, as much as they do themselves.' . . . Reason is necessary . . . And to reason must be added piety, which is why hospitals and homes for foundlings were unknown among the ancients." Something for Moderns to think about. M. EVANS

COERCIVE PERSUASION, by Edgar H. Schein, with Inge Schneier and Curtis H. Barker (W. H. Norton, $6.75). The Center of International Studies at MIT sponsored this objective survey of Westerners who weathered, ill or well, the so-called "brainwashing" techniques of Communist China's prisons. The report destroys with finality the myth that Pavlov's spirit haunts the prison cells of Russia and China. Brainwashing does not induce, in a suspended humanity, an automatic set of responses. It gradually shapes the *acting* mind and will, moving from coercion to conviction. The cell mates are more important instruments for this change than are interrogators. Prison is merely a stepped-up part of the indoctrination process imposed on the masses in any Communist society, with an initial use of force to cause bewilderment, then self-doubt, and the process of questioning that leads to confession of "social guilt." This study indicates that those who treat knowledge or opinion as a means of *adjusting* to society and the world are defenseless against the pressures for adjustment in the carefully-structured cell life of Communist prison-society. Those who treat knowledge as an objective mirroring of reality, who flunked their life-adjustment courses, who are jealous of their independence, were the least vulnerable. Perhaps the most interesting finding of all was that the brainwashed often had a prior feeling of guilt or inferiority about Western culture, and a sympathy for the "agrarian reformers" of China. Brainwashing, like charity, begins at home. G. WILLS

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To the Editor

Modern Postal Slogan

It doesn't take a Gore Vidal to tell you what's wrong with Cherokee Textile's slogan ["Pitney-Bowes Objects," July 1]. It's an eighteenth-century negative, man! Suggest the following twenty-first-century amendment:

Ours is a republic
Let's move ahead that way
In spite of the efforts
Of J. EDWARD DAY.

By moving the term "Republic" to lower case, substituting the modern phrase "move ahead" for the stodgy "keep," and by using the Postmaster's name on every envelope (in caps, of course, with the "in spite" as faded as possible), the slogan cannot fail.

Indianapolis, Ind. DAVE H. CRONE

The Impending Death of Pope

In the issue of March 5, 1960 you had an excellent editorial which said:

"On trial in Jakarta for having flown for the Indonesian anti-Communist insurgents, U.S. pilot Alan Lawrence Pope boldly told the court that in supporting the freedom fighters, he was actually defending the sovereignty and independence of Indonesia. Facing a prosecution which has demanded the death penalty, he said: 'I have participated in the war against Communism in Korea and at Dienbienphu, and I have helped in the evacuation of North Vietnamese to the free world. I have done all this for the freedom of the individuals concerned and also for the states which have been threatened by Communist domination.' At least in Indonesia, Khrushchev found an American proud to be at total war with Communism!"

Since then nothing has happened to save the life of Pope. I found recently a very small article in the *New York Times:*

"U.S. Flier loses Plea. Indonesia Court Upholds Pope's Death Sentence.—Indonesia Military Supreme Court has confirmed the death sentence passed on Alan Lawrence Pope, an American pilot. Pope was convicted last year of having aided North Celebes rebels by flying bombing missions. He has been in prison since May, 1958, when his aircraft was shot down over Moluccas. He may appeal to President Sukarno for clemency."

As we see, Pope may appeal to President Sukarno, Khrushchev's friend, for clemency. This possibility is anything but reassuring.

The Eleanor Roosevelt Tractor Committee acts on behalf of the Cuban freedom fighters. But who will act now and immediately to save the life of Alan Pope? Are tractors available for him? Does anybody think of saving the life of an anti-Communist American pilot?

New York City BALINT SZENT-MIKLOSY

Letter from London

I am glad to see that NATIONAL REVIEW holds its corner in America. I think a conservative reaction is due everywhere and not in politics only—save where the lava actually exudes from the volcano beneath.

It is a pleasure to be connected in a small way with NATIONAL REVIEW. I do not often get letters over my reviews. However I have a very grateful letter from Curzon's daughter, Lady Ravensdale, for what I wrote about her father and Lloyd George. ["There Were Giants of Old," May 20]. She is anxious that her American friends should see it. . . .

London, England SIR SHANE LESLIE

An Analogy

A few days before I saw your mention of what Texas Liberals were doing to promote "Louis Capet" ["The Week," June 3], another analogy had occurred to me.

Consider this table:

1. Louis XIV—FDR. ". . . With no strong men and no parliament to dispute his will, he *was* the government."

2. Regency—Truman. "A 'dust-settling' period of decadence and decline."

3. Louis XV—Eisenhower. ". . . he opened his mouth, said little, and thought not at all."

4. Louis XVI—Kennedy. ". . . not *completely* virtuous, but *completely* incompetent."

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THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE TO DEFEND ANTI-COMMUNISTS is opposed to those forces of secularized utopianism (pseudo-liberals) that are laying waste our American culture, our Western civilization and our Judaic Christian tradition. We are interested in problems pertaining to education and a series of pamphlets is now in preparation. We need membership in all 50 States. For information write Box 387, Mineola, New York.

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And Marie Antoinette—Jacqueline Bouvier. ". . . the beautiful and lighthearted."

5. French Revolution — Conservative Revolution?

Truly, that Liberals should choose Louis XIV as a bogey-symbol of conservatism is grotesquely ironic, considering the Louis XIV character of their Grand Monarque, FDR: not only in his accretion of absolute power and personal deification, (*le roi gouverne par lui même*), but in the disastrous effects of his spending and war policies.

In defeating "Louis Capet," John Tower's victory in Texas signals, once again, the end of the divine right of Liberalism.

JAMES J. BAUMGARTNER

Mountain Brook, Ala.

Georgius Rex

Being an old NATIONAL REVIEW and George Sokolsky fan, I've had lots of laughs at the expense of, you'll pardon the expression, practical politicians. But the item about Sokolsky's reluctant talk to the New York Young Women's Republican Club ["The Week," June 17] was the best yet. He probably won't have any trouble sticking to his resolves henceforth.

God bless George; they don't come any wiser and better.

Wichita, Kan. L. S. ABBOTT

Depends Who

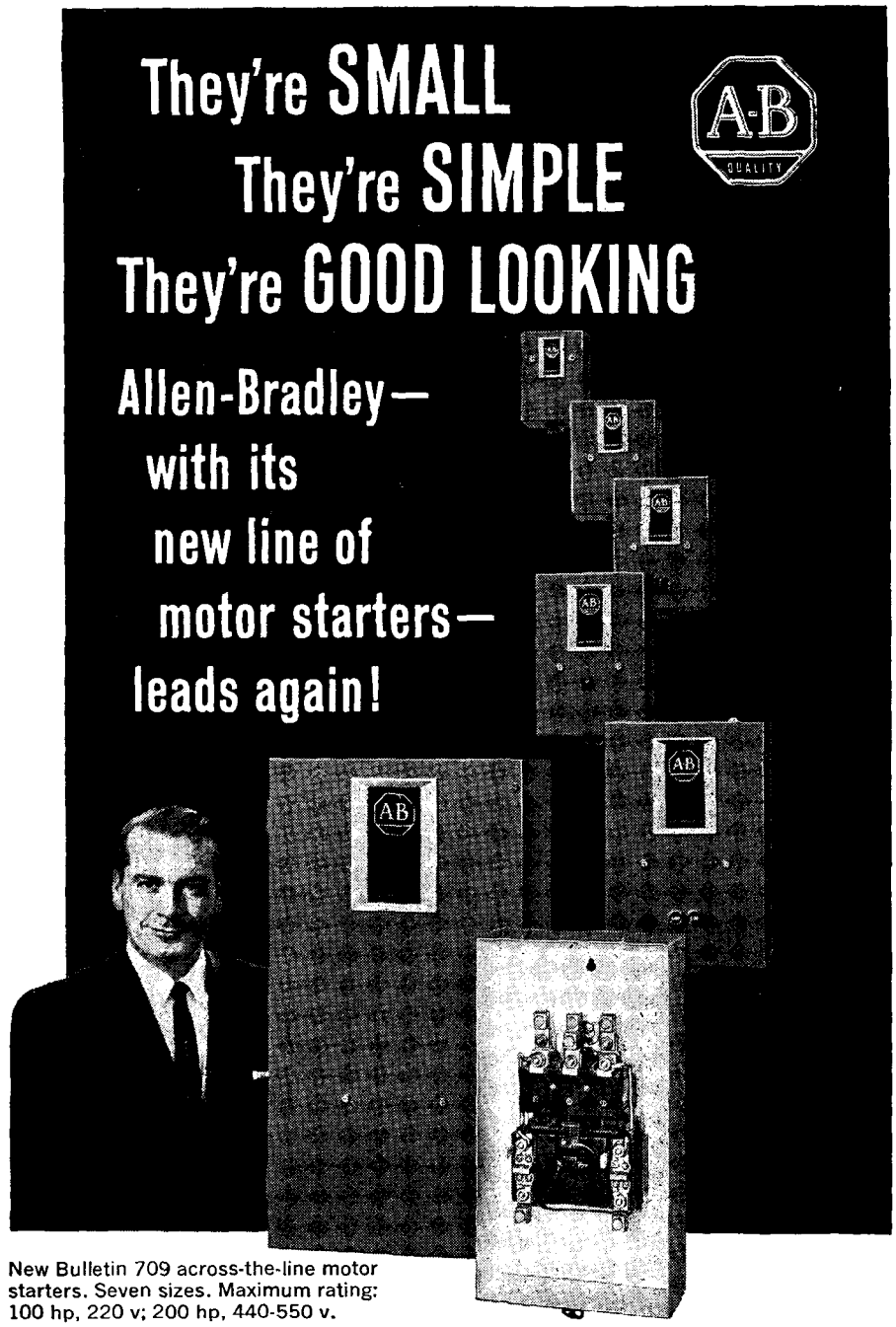
You may be interested to know about a private poll which I have been conducting since your article appeared about Howard J. Phillips of Harvard. **["Guilt by Association," by Wm. F. Buckley Jr., June 3.]**

I mailed about a dozen letters to people who had written to the editor of the *New York Times* and had included the names of their organizations or affiliations. In each case I asked if the letter that was published was his personal opinion, or if it was written after consulting his group or organization. In only one instance was the letter said to have been written with the consent of the organization that was named with the signature. In every other case it was a personal letter. . . .

It becomes quite evident that it is accepted practice to use your title if you are an anti-anti-Communist, but not if you are a conservative.

LILLIAN L. ABRAHAMS

Long Island City, N. Y.



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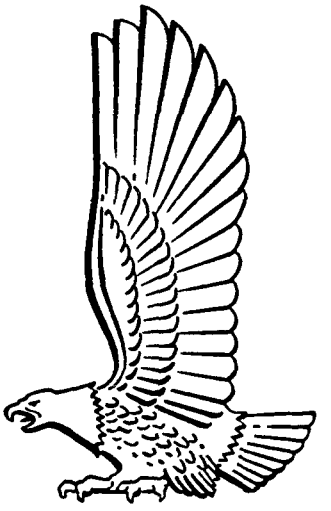

. . . the ideas of economists and political philosophers, both when they are right and when they are wrong, are more powerful than is commonly understood. Indeed, the world is ruled by little else . . . Not, indeed, immediately, but after a certain interval . . . in the field of economic and political philosophy there are not many who are influenced by new theories after they are twenty-five or thirty years of age, so that the ideas which civil servants and politicians and even agitators apply to current events are not likely to be the newest. But soon or late, it is ideas, not vested interests, which are dangerous for good or evil.

— John Maynard Keynes

Our forebears bequeathed to us a set of premises, theories and truths carefully devised to insure the dignity and freedom and supremacy of the individual. But through interpretation, modification, even convenient omission by many of our educators today, there exists a strong and growing tendency to teach that the individual is second to the state. The influence of these teachings — already apparent — will be felt increasingly five, ten and twenty years hence.

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New York City EVELYN FORTMAN

TOWER'S VICTORY

(Continued from p. 16)

relations firm that formerly ran the gubernatorial campaigns of conservative Democrat Allan Shivers now ran Tower's headquarters in Austin, and got such prominent Democrats as former Governor Coke Stevenson and Mrs. Dan Moody, wife of another former Governor, to announce for Tower.

4. *Goldwater.* Wherever one goes in Texas, Goldwater is the main topic of political conversation. He worked hard for Tower, speaking and raising money, and he brought Democrats into the Republican camp. Members of the Goldwater for President clubs in the state—most of them Democrats—worked for Tower. One reason: with a Republican Senator, the Texas delegation will have more votes at the 1964 Republican convention.

5. *Conservatism in general.* Dozens of conservative organizations have found Texas their most fertile field. In addition to Freedom In Action, there is the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade and the Cardinal Mindszenty Foundation, to mention only two. Large business firms hold "Citizenship Training Schools" for their employees. One Tower campaign manager told me: "I always was against these conservative groups that worked outside the normal party channels, but I learned my lesson this year. We couldn't have won without the help of people who became interested in politics because of these organizations."

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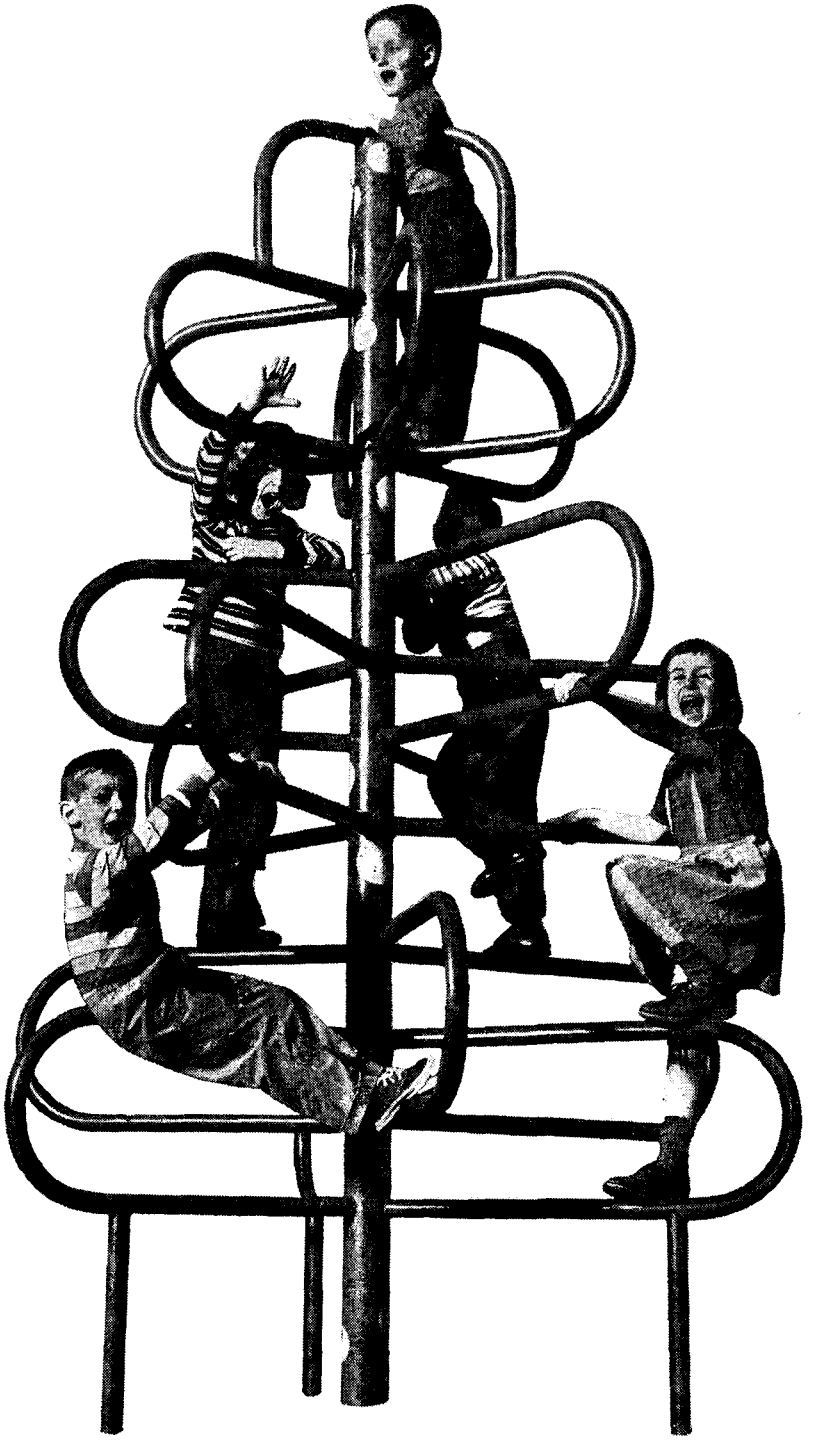

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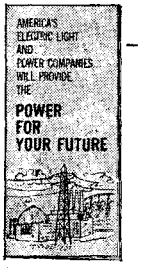

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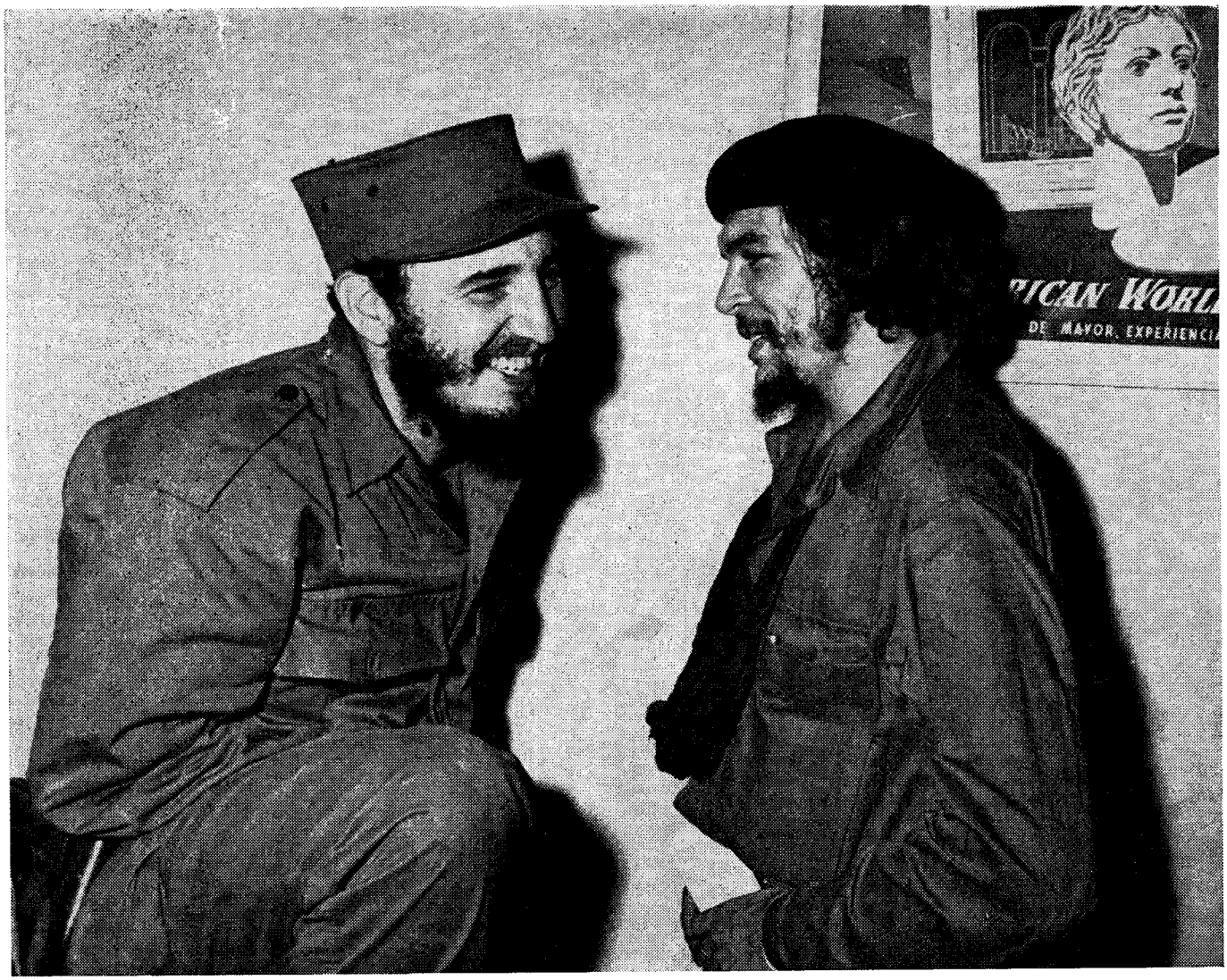

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